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New Statesman

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GREENHAM COMMON

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HOME TRUTHS FROM
THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

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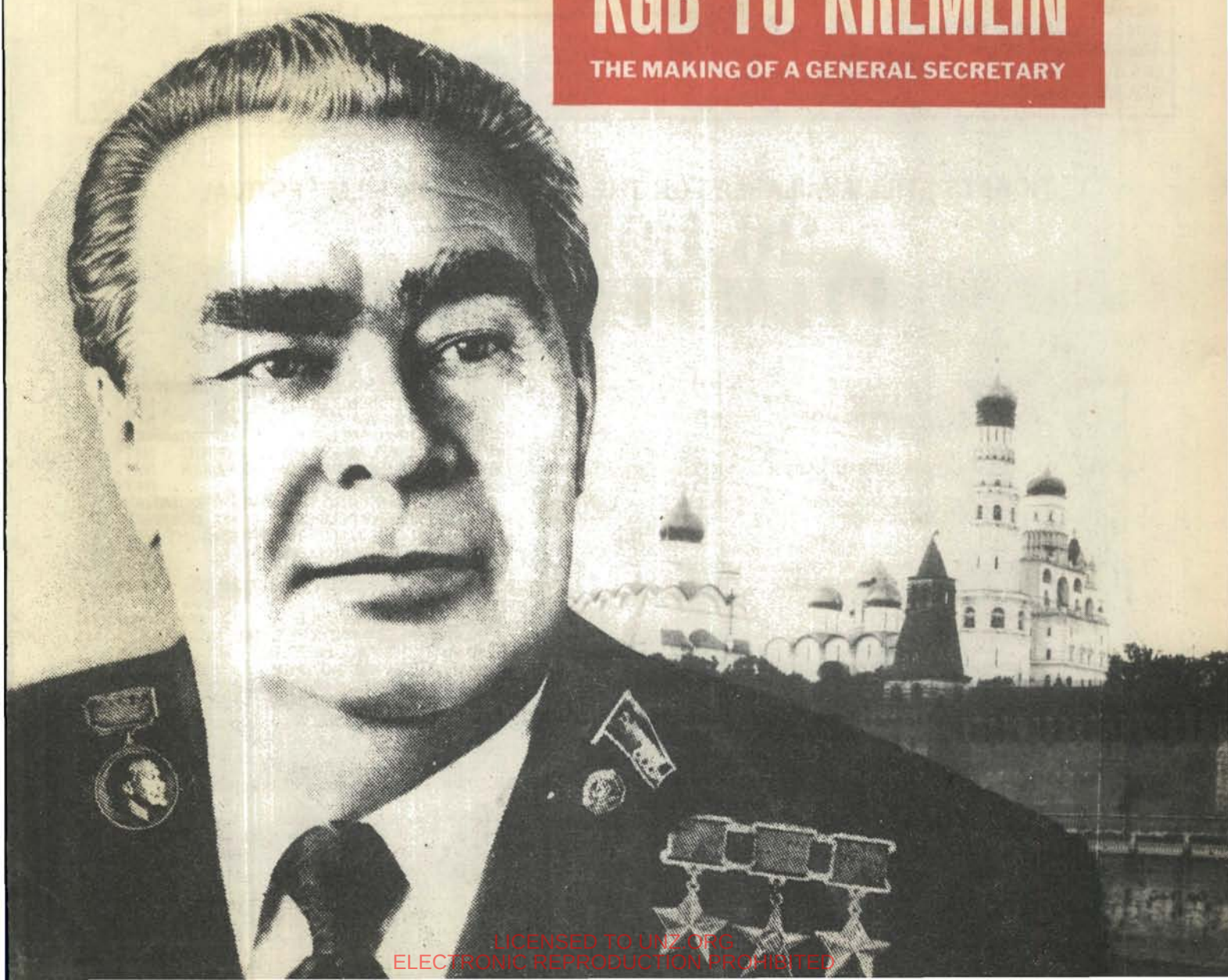
THE MAKING OF A GENERAL SECRETARY



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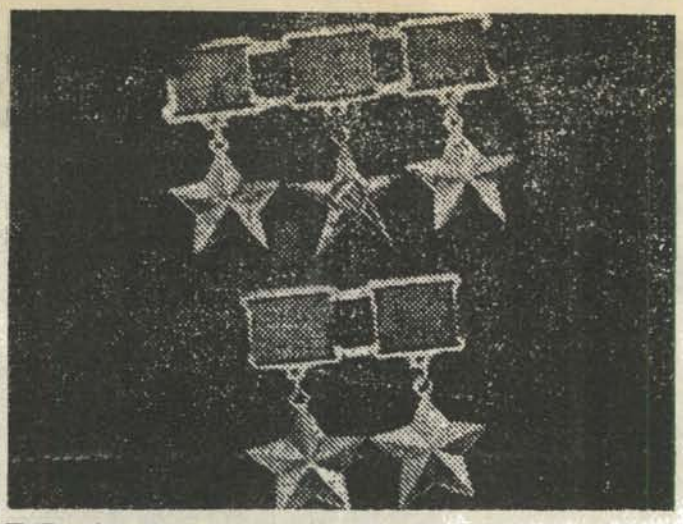

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TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE FOR THE 26th LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

26th LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

19 Nov.	11.00am	EXPERIENCE PREFERRED	NFT1
	6.15/11.15	A QUESTION OF SILENCE	NFT1
20 Nov.	10.30am	DIVORCE OF LADY X	NFT1
	4.00pm	ALL BY MYSELF	NFT1
	11.15am	TENDER HOURS	QEH
	3.00pm	THE CLINIC	QEH
21 Nov.	10.30am	A ROOM IN TOWN	ODEON
	11.00am	ASCENDING SCALE	QEH
	3.00pm	THE EYES, THE MOUTH	QEH
	7.00pm	DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID	QEH
	10.30am	ROSES IN DECEMBER	NFT1
	1.30pm	SOMETIMES I LOOK AT MY LIFE	NFT1
	4.00pm	LITTLE PEOPLE	NFT1
	8.45pm	LONELY HEARTS	NFT1
22 Nov.	11am	PIXOTE	NFT1
	2.30/8.45	SERAPHITA'S DIARY	NFT1
23 Nov.	11am	BEST OF WORLD ANIMATION	NFT1
24 Nov.	11am/6.15	LITTLE IDA	NFT1
	2.30/8.45	BROKEN SKY	NFT1
25 Nov.	8pm	FLESH AND THE DEVIL	DOMINION
	11.00am	STEPPING OUT	NFT1
	2.30	THE WAY	NFT1
26 Nov.	8.00pm	SHOW PEOPLE	DOMINION
	11am/11.15	IREZUMI—SPIRIT OF TATTOO	NFT1
	6.15pm	THE SHADOW OF THE EARTH	NFT1
	2.30	FIVE LAST DAYS	NFT1
27 Nov.	4.30pm	FLESH AND THE DEVIL	DOMINION
	8.00pm	SHOW PEOPLE	DOMINION
	10.30am	LOVE WANDERS IN THE NIGHT	NFT1
	1.30pm	A FOOLISH LOVE	NFT1
	8.45pm	DARK CIRCLE	NFT1
	11.15pm	AMERICA: FROM HITLER TO M-X	NFT1
28 Nov.	4.30pm	SHOW PEOPLE	DOMINION
	8.30pm	FLESH AND THE DEVIL	DOMINION
	10.30am	THEY ALL LAUGHED	ODEON
	6.30pm	THE MISSIONARY	QEH
	8.45pm	PRIVATES ON PARADE	QEH
	1.30pm	THE OCCUPATION	NFT1

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New Statesman Vol 104 No 2696 19 November 1982

Make them accountable

GEOFREY PRIME'S CAREFULLY stage-managed spy trial was bundled through the Old Bailey in record time on the day the last issue of the *New Statesman* was going to press. Remarkably little attention has been given since then to the issues of public importance that are so obvious each time the lid is lifted – even fleetingly as in this case – on the whole world of British intelligence.

The first is that of accountability. This covers both the question of the scale of financial and other resources that should be devoted to such activity. It covers, equally, the question of the political direction of such secret services as are in the end judged appropriate for a country like the United Kingdom. No organisation, certainly no public organisation, above all no public organisation which spends very substantial sums of the taxpayer's money, should be run by people who are not directly responsible to anyone but themselves.

The fiction has always been that direct ministerial (and therefore political and democratic) responsibility for security rested with the Prime Minister of the day personally. But the whole series of spy scandals of the last three decades, ranging from Fuchs to Prime via Blunt, has shown that this is a pure convention. So far as political accountability is concerned, the Prime Minister of the day has simply been used as a figurehead by the security services – and kept informed of developments only to the extent and at the time convenient to the security services themselves. In the Blunt case, decisions about immunity and how to handle the case over a prolonged period – including the decision to do the deal with Blunt that allowed him to remain a member of the Queen's staff – were taken without involving senior politicians.

Such account as the various security services are required to give of themselves is in practice to an interlocking network of committees made up of civil servants (see Duncan Campbell's article on page 8 of this issue). But the civil service, particularly at that senior level, is dominated by men with a limited and often anachronistic concept of what constitutes the British national interest. It is certainly not a structure at all suited to ask running and persistent questions about whether the scale and direction of our security services is still appropriate. The rest of central government expenditure – even defence spending under this Tory government – is subject to review and programme cuts. The secret services are immune from this political process. Even the limited few who know the extent of the secret vote mostly do not know the full total devoted by the British tax-payer to clandestine activity, for much of the expenditure involved is 'hidden' in other openly published estimates.

Successive Labour ministers have become fascinated once in office by the coded drama of the world of George Smiley and GCHQ and easily impressed of the value of the material thus supplied. It would be unrealistic to suppose that any modern state will completely do away with security services of one kind or another. But the time is long since past when we can – or should even want to – afford to play such expensive games. A future Labour government should commit itself to devising a structure for bringing clandestine expenditure under both proper political and parliamentary control. □

Down with the rats

WE HAVE HAD the pleasure of Channel 4's company now for two weeks. It has not had a universally good press from the critics, but that may say more about the critics than about Channel 4. What is clear is that Jeremy Isaacs, its chief executive, said from the start that there was no point in having a fourth channel, if it did not provide alternative television to what was already available on the existing three channels. He and his team have done just that. With the exception of the daily news programme which has not yet found any very confident new formula, the schedules that we have had so far have offered viewing of a kind that we have not seen before. In particular, the Channel as a whole shows an awareness of the interests of the young that is quite missing elsewhere on television. Its programmes for ethnic minorities have also been strikingly original.

Needless to say, the rats are beginning to get at this achievement within days. 'Channel 4 viewing figures are way below our expectations' says the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising. Within weeks, the existing ITV1 companies (from whom the Independent Broadcasting Authority levies the money required to pay for Channel 4) will be putting in the knife. They never liked the idea of an independent Channel 4, because they wanted another commercial ITV2 for themselves. To placate them, the ITV1 companies were given half the places on the board of Channel 4 and allowed to sell its advertising. They ought to have no reason at all to complain, since in a further vital concession the government has allowed them to set their Channel 4 payments against what they have to pay in television levy on their own income. Since the more they pay for Channel 4, the less they pay in levy to the Exchequer, the taxpayer is in fact funding the new channel directly.

Given this financial reality, it is likely that the commercial ideology of the present government will be added to pressures from ITV1 to make Channel 4 adapt its programming in order to attract larger audiences. This would completely undermine the positive purpose of the venture. Channel 4 was not designed to be a conventional TV channel, like the others. It should, therefore, not be judged primarily by the criteria that are applied to a conventional channel. The overriding criterion for judging Channel 4 is whether it brings us new and creative television. □

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Doubting nuclear engineer forced to retire

A SENIOR nuclear safety scientist, who has serious doubts about the safety of the American-style pressurised water reactor (PRW) planned for Sizewell in Suffolk, has been forced to retire early from the UK Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA).

Rodney Fordham left the Authority at the end of September after 27 years, for 17 of which he worked as a principal engineer responsible for reactor safety. During the last few years he continually made it clear to his employers that he considered their institutional and technical safety measures to be unacceptable. When he finally left, he was warmly complimented by his colleagues on his standard of work.

Mr Fordham joined the UKAEA in 1955 and for six years was responsible for operating a number of experimental and research reactors at Harwell. In 1961 he joined the safeguards division of the UKAEA's Health and Safety Branch (now called the Safety and Reliability Directorate) at Risley in Cheshire. He represented his division on the safety committees responsible for about 18 reactors, including those at Calder Hall, Chapelcross, Aldermaston, Harwell, Windscale and Dounreay. For two years he was chairman of the combined staff trade unions committee. In 1978, at his request, he was transferred to non-nuclear safety jobs, which included work on the hazards of some oil-related developments.

In March this year he was invited by Colin Sweet, Director of the Centre for Energy Studies at the Polytechnic of the South Bank in London, to address a conference on Sizewell. He intially accepted and informed the UKAEA of his intention to give a paper, which would make it quite clear that the views he was expressing were his own and not those the Authority. The UKAEA, however, demanded that he clear his text with them in advance – a procedure not adopted on several previous occasions when he has addressed public meetings on nuclear power.

He refused to allow his remarks to be vetted and was threatened with disciplinary action. In the end he decided not to attend the conference, held last month, where his story was briefly and anonymously referred to by Colin Sweet.

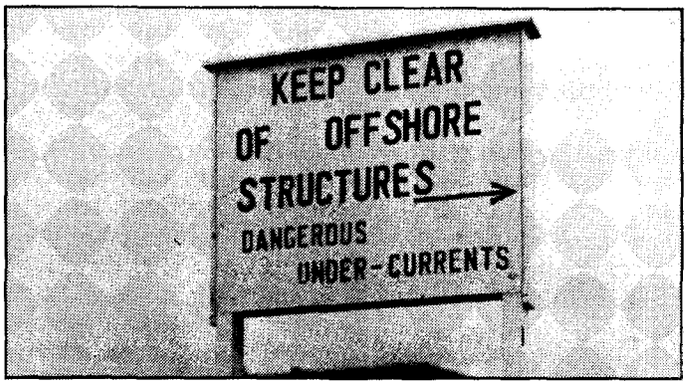
At the height of the dispute over the conference, Mr Fordham was summoned by a senior UKAEA official and told that his work had become ineffectual – a charge that he strongly rebutted. In these circumstances, he opted for early retirement at the age of 52. He agreed to accept a pension that was significantly higher than usual but which renders him dependent on the UKAEA for the rest of his life. He is married with children.

His main concern about PWR safety is shared by many experts but has always been glossed over by the UKAEA. The fear is that the reactor's steel pressure vessel may be liable to a disruptive failure which could lead to the escape of large quantities of dangerous radioactivity. Mr Fordham has also questioned whether the Prototype Fast Reactor in operation at Dounreay on the north coast of Scotland is safe and has unsuccessfully urged the UKAEA to monitor the reliability of reactor components vital for safety.

If, as seems possible, Mr Fordham can be persuaded to appear as a witness for an anti-nuclear group at the Sizewell inquiry due to begin in January, it would create an important precedent for the anti-nuclear movement in Britain and could spark a major public row about PWR safety.

Rob Edwards

Dangerous structures on shore as well



Claimants support striking DHSS unions

BRITAIN'S second largest city is now unable to provide the normal legal social security aid to its many unemployed. The last of Birmingham's 11 DHSS offices has closed its doors to the public to join the strike which began in Oxford eight weeks ago.

The unions, the Civil and Public Servants Association and the Society of Civil and Public Servants, are taking action over staffing levels. Morag McDermott of the Oxford CPSA maintains the DHSS workers' claims for 25 more permanent staff are 'unselfish – we're not after more pay, just the peace of mind from doing our job properly'. Rising unemployment has increased their workload by 25 per cent, forcing staff to provide a fast-deteriorating quality of service.

In Oxford's case, the past year of staff shortages meant that 'urgent needs' cases (people who are destitute and should be dealt with in one day) were having to wait a week for assessment. Just before the strike, 1,300 visits had been cancelled and over a thousand student claims had not been touched. 'The DHSS workers had to come in every day to face a long line of destitute people', explained Steve Akers of the Oxford Claimants' Union. 'They get the sharp end of the stick.' The Claimants' Union, representing the 'consumers', and the unions have, for once, joined forces on the issue. They set up a joint committee to emphasise that the unions are fighting for a better social security service, and that the public recognises this. After a week of the dispute, 875 suffering claimants had signed a petition supporting the unions.

DHSS management have offered to take on seven temporary staff in Oxford and 45 in Birmingham while the situation is assessed. The committee rejected this as an evasion, and as this government is against negotiating with unions while they are on strike, the dispute is set to last well into the winter.

This is bad news for the destitute in the two cities, many of whom are living on emergency payments of £22 a week for a single person and £36 for a married couple. Already some landlords are throwing their tenants out for non-payment of rent. The Salvation Army in Oxford has opened a soup kitchen, where 50 people a day take their free lunches. DHSS offices in other areas with mass unemployment and poverty are fast approaching breaking-point.

Simon Beck

Undermining our National Trust

THE OGWEN Valley, North Wales's most popular venue for hill walkers and rock climbers, and one of the few places in Snowdonia not to have been extensively disfigured by past industrial activity, is now facing a serious threat.

The Welsh Water Authority have proposals out for a water supply scheme to augment existing resources for Bangor and Anglesey. Water would be transferred from Llyn Cowlytd, on the eastern side of the Carneddau massif, by tunnel and pipeline for some seven miles to an abstraction works above the town of Bethesda. This scheme would involve laying a pipeline and building a tunnel, discharge valve houses, portals, drainage ditches, access roads and ancillary buildings. The effect on the landscape, despite protestations to the contrary from Water Board experts, is likely to be both considerable and permanent.

The proposed route for the tunnel would pass very near, and the pipeline would have to cross, a recently-acquired tract of National Trust land. The Trust's reputation as a trustworthy and responsible manager of land is now at a low ebb following the controversy, which came to a head two weeks ago, over the release of inalienable land to allow the RAF to build a bunker near High Wycombe.

The Trust's newly-purchased stretch of Welsh mountainside is also inalienable land – it cannot be sold, mortgaged, or compulsorily purchased without the express consent of Parliament. But it remains to be seen if the Trust will put up a fight when the Water Authority attempts to push its powers of compulsory purchase through Parliament.

A second point, by way of precedent, is that there already exists a very visible blot on this landscape in the form of a tarmac road along the western boundary of the National Trust land, giving access to the reservoir of Ffynnon Llugwy. No direct planning permission for this was ever obtained, because the lake was a substitute water supply provided by the Central Electricity Generating Board, who, by Act of Parliament, were required to compensate the Welsh Water Board for Marchlyn Mawr, swallowed up in the vast, unfinished, unsightly, and uneconomic Dinorwic Pumped Storage Scheme.

Jim Perrin

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People's slums of Queens Park

KEIR HARDIE House, the Labour Party's Scottish headquarters in Glasgow, suffered a petrol bomb attack the weekend before last. It caused extensive damage to the premises, destroyed a broadsheet which had been printed as part of the party's campaign to save the Scottish steel industry and disrupted preparations for the Queen's Park by-election which is to be held on 2 December.

The seat (formerly Gorbals) is being defended for Labour by Helen McElhone (her late husband, Frank, took 64 per cent of the poll at the last election). In what was largely a personality struggle, Mrs McElhone won the nomination by a single vote from local councillor James Wray, hitherto a family friend and the late MP's election agent. Mrs McElhone is a formidable campaigner who was closely involved in grass-roots political activities. Her campaign is being run from a building deep in the heart of Gorbals universally known as 'Frank's Bank', from which constituency surgeries have for long been assiduously conducted.

It is a strongly Roman Catholic seat and acceptable attitudes on matters like abortion and separate Catholic schools are essential prerequisites for any Labour candidate, as several early contenders hoping to raise more radical standards to rally around quickly discovered. Apart from unemployment, housing will be the big local issue. The old Gorbals slums have disappeared but more modern nightmares have been imposed upon the long-suffering tenantry. Seven hundred and fifty multi-storey flats have been evacuated after only 10 years because of incurable dampness. Helen McElhone opposes plans to hand them over to a private developer for renovation – she wants to see them knocked down and new houses built. In many parts of the constituency, dereliction abounds, exacerbated by massive cuts in the city's house renovation budget.

Five or ten years ago, the SNP would have had high hopes of winning this kind of inner-city seat. They have chosen a good, left-wing candidate in Peter Mallan, who teaches in a local Catholic school and is well-known as a professional singer and broadcaster. But the current height of their aspirations must be to push the Tory (a 23-year-old used-car salesman) into third place. The Liberals, who did not contest the General Election, can count on a pocket of support at the more prosperous end of the constituency. But the by-election is likely to confirm the Alliance's irrelevance in this kind of seat. A Communist and a Scottish Socialist Republican are also standing.

The most serious problems which Helen McElhone could encounter are apathy or a continuation of the hostilities which the selection cliff-hanger gave rise to. She believes, however, that the local party will unite and she must be regarded as a near-certainty to become Scotland's second woman MP.

Brian Wilson

Five out of ten for Glasgow

FIVE GLASGOW constituenies figure among the ten British parliamentary constituencies with the highest unemployment rates, according to new statistics just published by the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys.

Four weeks ago the *New Statesman* analysed the OPCS's seat-by-seat results of the 1981 census. At the time of our article only figures for England and Wales were available. Now the Scottish figures have been published. Glasgow appears as a terrifying unemployment blackspot. Seven of the city's 13 seats had a male unemployment rate of more than 25 per cent in April last year. (The official measurement of female unemployment does not provide a reliable measure of local variations.)

The revised list of the ten seats with the worst male unemployment rates in Britain is as follows (all are Labour-held):

Liverpool, Scotland Exch.	43.5
Glasgow Central	37.7
Glasgow Provan	35.1
Consett	31.3
Glasbow Shettleston	30.9
Glasgow Govan	30.7
Newcastle Central	30.6
Manchester Central	30.4
Birmingham Ladywood	29.8
Glasgow Maryhill	29.3

Other Glasgow constituencies with a male unemployment rate of more than 25 per cent were Garscadden (27.5 per cent) and Springburn (25.2 per cent). The next highest unemployment rate in the city belongs to Queen's Park (23.2 per cent), where a by-election to determine Frank McElhone's successor is to be fought in two weeks' time.

Peter Kellner

MISCELLANY

Poor marx

If Mrs Thatcher gets her way and creates a huge new bureaucratic empire in 10 Downing Street, one must hope that the appointees will be of a rather higher calibre than the most recent addition to her policy unit at No 10, Christopher Monckton. Young Monckton, who used to edit the Catholic paper *The Universe*, did a spell as a leader-writer on the London paper *The Standard* before going to Downing Street. One of his last leaders, on the subject of Poland, included the splendid sentence: 'If Karl Marx had been alive today, he would be turning in his grave.' This boy will go far.

Deconstructing Oxford

While Oxford dons were growling sourly last week that women students were bringing down standards in the English faculty (perhaps their studies are being disturbed by the cultured oinkings of the young male Assassins) some of their colleagues were discussing with women students how best to undermine the male domination of Oxford University's English teaching. At a one-day conference organised by Oxford English Limited (a group of students and dons whose manifesto demands an end to discrimination against women), over 150 people turned up to discuss papers by Michele Barrett and Catherine Belsely on the family in literature, by Jacqueline Rose on feminism and psychoanalysis and Toril Moi on feminist approaches to Virginia Woolf. If they were intellectually demanding that was all to the good: a campaign to include an optional women's paper in the syllabus has been repeatedly rejected by the Faculty, which is happier with the disciplines of Anglo-Saxon. It is not a discipline which appears to produce gentlemenly behaviour; at the final forum of the conference, women students denounced the abusive treatment of their sisters in the predominantly male colleges.

Black home

A conference for black and immigrant women in Britain at London's Camden Centre last Saturday attracted several hundred women whose voice has not traditionally been heard in either the women's movement or the anti-racist movements. Many of them spoke of the violence and poverty they had tried to leave behind but found themselves trapped in again in Britain, doing long hours in the lowest paid jobs for which they were expected to be silently grateful. A number of American and Caribbean women were instrumental in getting the conference set up – including Margaret Prescod (whose book, *Bringing it All Back Home*, gave the conference its theme), activist Wilmette Brown and Trinidadian trade unionist Clotil Walcott. Irish and Italian women also spoke of their shared experience of racism and isolation; a formidable alliance in the making if the conference is followed up.

Shadow boxing

Sparring between Left and Right has already begun over the authorship of Labour's manifesto. At last week's meeting of the National Executive's home policy committee, John Golding, the new right-wing chairperson, introduced what Tony Benn described as a 'constitutional innovation': the shadow cabinet and not the home policy committee should deal with the first draft of Labour's campaign document. This sets out what Labour thinks it can achieve in a five-year term of office and forms the basis of the election manifesto. Golding has told the research department to prepare a procedure paper for the next home policy committee setting out how this should happen. Although the Right has a comfortable majority in both the shadow cabinet and the NEC, left-wing strategists believe that Golding wants to take the document to the shadow cabinet first, both to symbolise the return of power to the parliamentary party and to ensure that the document has the imprimatur of Michael Foot at the outset. It will thus be more difficult for left-wingers to argue for the reinstatement of left-wing policy.

Doubting Thomas

Last week's *NS* revelation of Mike Thomas's gloomy assessment of the SDP's election prospects has caused further aggro in the Alliance. SDP MPs at their regular Thursday meeting last week asked each other which Labour MPs they were still friendly with, in order to locate the source of the leak. And at the weekend Richard Holme, former chairman of the Liberal Party, laid into the SDP leadership: 'Recent pessimistic reports of SDP strategy do us no good at all. Our own members are frustrated and the electorate is confused if we lurch between the manic over-optimism of a year ago and the ridiculously gloomy prospects now put forward.' The Alliance's embarrassment is made more acute by the fact that they are due to meet with the other parties, and with the BBC and IBA, within the next few weeks to negotiate the allocation of broadcasting time among the parties at the next election. The Alliance parties are demanding equal time with Conservative and Labour, on the grounds that it is offering an alternative government. Now it is clear that the SDP is anticipating no such thing, the Alliance will now find it almost impossible to sustain their parity claim.

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CND plans its make-or-break year

TWO AND A HALF thousand people, 1,500 of them delegates, are expected to turn up for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's annual conference in Sheffield on 26 November. It will be the biggest delegate conference in the organisation's history and the most hotly contested with 84 people standing for the 20 'ordinary member' seats on the National Council. The candidates represent, but most unevenly, the spread of CND's support among the population; of those who mention their party affiliation 23 are Labour supporters, 8 Communist, and 4 Liberal. If there are any SDP candidates they have remained in the closet. There are a number with unaffiliated ecological politics as well as Christians and people impelled into politics by fear about the future. Many of the 30 women candidates have been strongly influenced by the experience of the Greenham Common Peace Camp.

Such camps now go under the code-word of NVDA or non-violent direct action, a form of political protest which is likely to become one of CND's principal tactics in the coming year especially after the emotive imprisonment of 16 women from Greenham Common. Cruise missiles are due to be installed in Britain in December 1983, making the next 12 months make-or-break year for CND. Resolution 9 on the conference agenda, proposed by Plymouth United Peace Action, declares that CND's major effort next year should be directed against the cruise missile programme and that in this, non-violent direct action and civil disobedience should be considered. The resolution is likely to win majority support although CND has no power to order its members to take or not to take such action. If it is passed, it will have to consider what forms of civil disobedience are appropriate to inner-city dwellers, living far from most of the proposed missile sites, and how organisations, especially trade unions, can be involved in a tactic which depends for its success on a high degree of individual commitment.

The second major strategy which had threatened to spark off a bout of political sectarianism is the Peace Canvass in which CND members would get out on the streets asking people whether or not they supported the presence of cruise and Trident missiles in Britain. Initial controversy was aroused when some members argued that, as only a Labour government was likely to get rid of cruise and Trident, CND should be directly canvassing for Labour. However, although opposition to cruise and Trident is highest among Labour supporters, a poll published in the last issue of *Sanity* shows that a majority of Liberal and SDP supporters also oppose these missiles. Even among Tories only 50 per cent of those questioned were in favour of Trident and cruise.

Party political differences have now receded and the resolution proposing the Peace Canvass has been officially adopted – with modifications – by CND's Projects Committee. Conference debate will concentrate on clarifying the political aims of the canvass. From January 1983 CND supporters will thus have a way in to popular political campaigning leading up the general election, though if only the experienced political activists take it up it might be harder to sustain its focus on disarmament. By the general election, CND hopes to be able to declare it has 'won' by getting a majority of anti-cruise and Trident MPs. As was clear at this year's Conservative Party Conference, popular support for nuclear disarmament was the only issue getting beneath the complacent skin of the government.

Sarah Benton

Whither CND? NVDA for the future

Conchita Navarro

Studying Cambridge lead

A STUDENTS' survey revealing high levels of lead pollution in Cambridge school playgrounds – but criticised as 'totally unscientific' – has forced the Cambridgeshire County Council to set up an immediate programme of testing for pollution in and around the city's schools.

The survey, carried out by the pollution action group Cambridge University Survival between March and May this year, found that four out of the five schools tested were above the EEC recommended safety limit of 500 parts of lead to a million parts of dust (500ppm). A third of the samples taken were over the 1000ppm mark. One site had a reading above 3500ppm.

The action group says the survey was undertaken 'because people tend not to think of Cambridge as being polluted, but it has been a long-term problem building up with the increase of cars on the roads'.

The main critic of the survey is Dr Don Quayle, head of science at the Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology (CCAT). He runs the CCAT's environmental monitoring group which has been commissioned by the county council to begin a more rigorous series of tests in 20 Cambridge schools within two weeks.

Quayle complains that the students' survey was 'designed to frighten rather than inform'. But he also says that 'if the survey turns out to be accurate, that should surprise no-one'. The students accept the likelihood of inconsistencies. Some of the high readings may be due to flaking specks of leaded paint in the playground, rather than to lead being emitted from car exhausts. But both students and Quayle agree that the answer to the pollution is to use leadfree petrol as soon as possible.

A county council spokesman said the council is well aware of the lead pollution problem and that a series of tests had been due to start in a year's time – once a current study of asbestos dangers in its schools was complete. The council considers taking special measures in schools 'a waste of time as the pollution is in people's homes and in the streets'.

Rick Rogers

Birmingham's untender scrutiny

CONCERN HAS been expressed in Parliament over the way Birmingham City Council has employed its own auditors, Price Waterhouse, to undertake an £850,000 'efficiency scrutiny' of the Social Services Department without putting the contract out to tender. Three social workers who refused to co-operate with this firm's investigations were sacked, leading to a strike by other social services staff.

Price Waterhouse is the company of accountants and management consultants hired to find extra savings in the under-resourced Education Department of Conservative-controlled Dudley Council (see *NS* 17.11.82).

Terry Davis, Labour MP for Stechford Birmingham, asked the Secretary of State for the Environment whether he would refer the contract to the Audit Commission 'having regard to the fact that Price Waterhouse are the auditors of the City of Birmingham Council and tenders were not invited from anyone else.' Replying, Stanley King, Minister for Local Government, said the new Audit Commission would be asked to ensure that 'conflicts of interest' were avoided when audit appointments were made, and a code of practice developed when a council considered using their auditors for other work.

The contract award is the second recent example of Birmingham Conservatives bypassing the normal tendering procedures. Earlier the Central Birmingham Health Authority, chaired by leading Conservative City Councillor Edwina Curry, awarded a cleaning contract to a private firm whose bid was much higher than one offered by NHS staff.

The appropriateness of an international company of business consultants judging the professional practices of social workers has been questioned by unions and the British Association of Social Workers. They fear that the firm was brought in to hand over the Department's support services to private companies, although they have been told this is not so by the council.

Price Waterhouse also strongly deny the charge. They claim a 'scientific' neutrality in assessing efficiency, although they have admitted to knowing of a confidential minute from the Treasurer's Department of the council linking 'scrutiny' with £500,000 savings. Opposition to the efficiency review has, however, been short-lived. NALGO members failed to back an all-out strike and the three sacked workers were re-instated.

Howard Sharron

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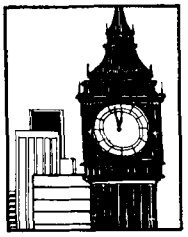

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Can Mr Foot's team now emerge from the shadows?

SUPPOSE, JUST suppose, that Labour won the next General Election. What would it do? With an election probably just a year away, and possibly less, few people, if anybody, seem to know.

The position, to be sure, is not as bad as it was a year ago. On defence, Mr Foot has now spelled out more clearly how he intends to develop a non-nuclear strategy – for example in a speech he made on the subject in Bristol in September, and reprinted in the *Guardian*. Indeed, there must now be some hope that defence can now become a less fractious source of dispute inside the party. For almost two years, Denis Healey has been telling friends that he, too, opposes cruise missiles – but he didn't want to speak out for fear of embarrassing his friend, Helmut Schmidt. Well, Herr Schmidt has now departed, and so has Mr Healey's reason for reticence.

Just as Mr Foot now has a more completely thought-out policy towards nuclear weapons than any previous Labour leader, so Mr Shore has a more detailed economic policy than any previous shadow chancellor, even though not all the details are considered by some of his colleagues to be either palatable or publishable.

In other areas, too, policies for the next Parliament are being worked out: Neil Kinnock on youth training, for example, and Roy Hattersley on immigration.

Yet it would be an exaggeration, not to say a downright untruth, to maintain that the voting public has even the foggiest notion about any of these policies, let alone how they fit into a grand design to restore Britain to social and economic health over the next five years.

Two possible answers to this argument need not detain us long. The first is that it is all set out in *Labour's Programme 1982*. Not so. Quite apart from the non-binding status of the programme on Labour's election manifesto, the programme itself concedes that it is a strategy for several parliaments, not just one.

The second argument is that you *can* find out quite a lot of what the next Labour government will do by reading the right speeches. But most people outside Walworth Road and the shadow cabinet corridor at Westminster have never done so, and won't start now.

Besides, quite a few key policies have not yet been fully worked out. Mr Foot has been busy weaning the party away from over-simple policies on free collective bargaining, and on Common Market withdrawal. But he has not yet arrived at a clear and comprehensive alternative in either issue. (To be fair he acknowledged this in his speech to the party conference at Blackpool seven weeks ago.)

Nor has the party leadership set out its immediate priorities for action after the next election. Again, Mr Foot acknowledges this, but has yet to deliver. In his interview with Brian Walden on *Weekend World* on the Sunday after the party conference, Mr Foot said that Labour would prepare 'an action programme' to be implemented in the first eight months – that is, the first parliamentary session – after the next election. Seven weeks later we are entitled to ask: where is it?

IN PREPARING for the next general election, Labour has two problems: first to select those policies that it intends to implement in the next parliament, second to put these policies over to the electorate so that voters both understand and believe them. All recent evidence, including *Newsnight's* by-election-day survey at Northfield, shows that Labour has failed to win back voters for positive policy reasons.

In the fifties and sixties this might not have mattered. Labour need have done little but sit back and wait for anti-government protest vote to swing its way. But now the Alliance is sucking the protest vote corpuscles from the arteries of British politics, that complacent strategy is no longer open to Labour.

The blame for Labour's failure so far must be put on the shadow cabinet more than any other single group. It contains the people who would provide the core of a Labour cabinet in government. They know each other, meet weekly as a group, and work in offices along the same corridor in the Houses of Parliament. They have the opportunity, should they care to take it, to meet, formally or informally, to hammer out a programme for a Labour government.

For the last two years, the shadow cabinet has failed to do this. Its regular Wednesday meetings have been largely taken up with arranging who will speak in which forthcoming Commons debates. Where it has discussed policy, it has normally been to rehearse stale left-right disputes. (One possible exception was a series of meetings last spring to discuss some of the details of the *Labour's Programme* document. But, according to participants, little attempt was made even then to relate the programme to the immediate policies that an incoming Labour government should implement.)

Otherwise, individual shadow ministers have been left largely to paddle their own political canoes, with just occasional reference to Michael Foot's office on any really contentious point. It is a disastrous arrangement, lacking cohesion or a sense of direction, or even the most basic notion of common endeavour. According to one inhabitant of the shadow cabinet corridor, 'most of them spend their time neither attacking the government nor projecting Labour policy. They either burble on about Militant, or do nothing at all.' Or, as after Tuesday's announcement of Labour's social policy plans, pouring cold water on each other's ideas.

Given the way the shadow cabinet has been working, it is hardly surprising that most voters are not yet convinced that Labour has the answer to unemployment. Peter Shore, the shadow chancellor, is barely on speaking terms with Stan Orme, shadow industry secretary; and nobody can remember when they sat down together with Eric Varley (employment) to prepare, as a team, a common approach to planning and publicising policies for reviving industry and creating jobs. Instead they watch each other warily, as is happening in the preparation of next week's policy statement by Mr Shore. For a party that wishes to involve itself in planning the major decisions of Britain's largest industries, it is, to say the least, odd that three men who work only a few feet from each other cannot jointly plan their immediate political trajectory.

This weekend we shall know whom Labour MPs have chosen to serve on the shadow cabinet for the next 12 months. If the new team continues to behave like the old team, Labour is doomed.

There is an alternative. The very structure of the shadow cabinet makes it, at best, a defensive body. By shadowing government ministers, Labour's front-bench team are bound to spend whatever time they have left over after internal party rows, in reacting against the government. Instead of adopting this negative stance, why not arrange responsibilities to fit Labour's priorities, rather than the Tories' departmental arrangements? Thus, Mr Foot could give three or four of his colleagues the joint responsibility for debating and projecting Labour's policies on industry, training, jobs and reflation.

It would then, of course, cease to be a team of MPs shadowing cabinet ministers. But then, the formal title is 'Parliamentary Committee', not shadow cabinet. A colloquial name is needed for the committee, but it should be changed. Perhaps Mr Foot should now proclaim that the 'shadow cabinet' is dead: long live Labour's 'government-in-waiting'. □

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SECRET SERVICES

Unaccountable empire building

Duncan Campbell reveals for the first time the pyramid of official committees that 'control' Britain's spying activities

THE JAILING of Geoffrey Prime, last week, for a 14-year career of undetected espionage has led to predictable calls for the intelligence services to be made properly accountable.

Organisation charts for the superstructure of the British intelligence services, shown here for the first time ever, indicate the extent to which the supposed responsibility of the Defence, Foreign and Home Secretaries is cut across by the centralised intelligence agency in the Cabinet Office, answerable to the Prime Minister.

The Committee system by which the agencies are run has long been as much of a mystery as the agencies' own operations. The *New Statesman* first disclosed the existence and title of the ultimate top body, the PSIS (Permanent Secretaries Committee on the Intelligence Services) last month (NS 29 October), together with details of the internal organisation of Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) in Cheltenham where Geoffrey Prime worked. Attention has focussed on the central role of the Joint Intelligence Committee and the Cabinet Office's Co-ordinator of Intelligence and Security (presently Sir Anthony Duff) in the British intelligence community. Until now, however, a third major committee escaped attention. This is the Overseas Economic Intelligence Committee (OEIC), which directs each of the four intelligence services in the gathering of commercial and economic information, some of which – 'sanitised' – is fed to key British companies whose commercial interests are thought to be identical with the 'national interest'.

OEIC is chaired by Russell Barratt, a Treasury Deputy Secretary in charge of overseas finance. According to classified American and Australian reports obtained by the *New Statesman*, Mr Barratt, with Sir Anthony Duff (the Co-ordination) and Sir Anthony Ackland (the Chairman of the JIC) make up a ruling intelligence 'triumvirate'. Like the better known JIC, the heads of the four intelligence services also sit on the Economic Intelligence Committee, together with officials from other interested civilian departments, Trade, Industry and Energy. Officials specialising in economic intelligence are located in the Department of Trade, the Treasury, and the Ministry of Defence Intelligence Staff, where there is a Directorate of Economic Intelligence.

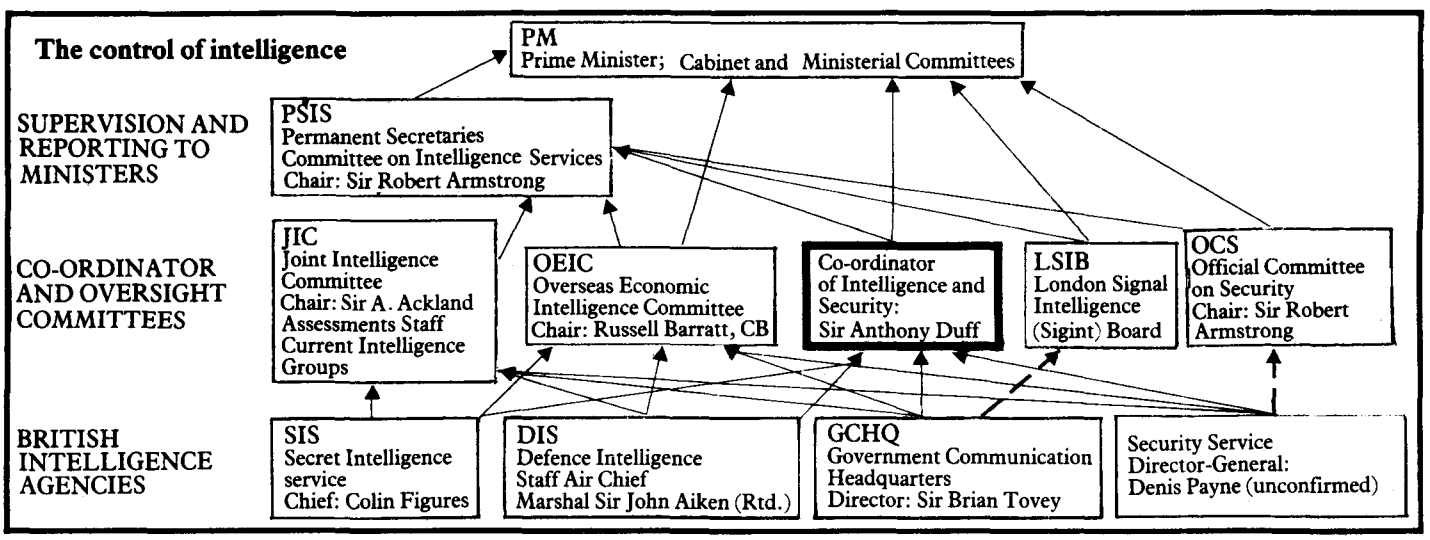
The Joint Intelligence Committee, too, has an extensive staff, located in the Cabinet Office. The *Assessments Staff* is responsible for providing longer term intelligence estimates for policy making, while a series of geographically based *Current Intelligence Groups* (CIGs) look at day-to-day incoming intelligence. JIC, and a network of sub-committees, most meeting weekly, are responsible for the production of British 'national' intelligence on foreign and defence affairs, combining information from each service, allied intelligence agencies and open sources. OEIC does the same for economic intelligences.

JIC operates in some ways like a fifth intelligence agency. There are JIC representatives abroad in Washington, Ottawa and Canberra, in addition to the 'ambassadors' of the other four secret services. Because of the special intelligence-sharing agreements in operation between the English-speaking governments, it is normal for the CIA's station chief in London, or his representative, to sit in on JIC meetings. Occasionally Canadian and Australian counterparts are also present. These representatives withdraw for what is somewhat coyly described as 'domestic' business.

While the JIC and OEIC assess and analyse intelligence, the Co-ordinator of Intelligence examines long-term plans and priorities. The Co-ordinator is responsible to the Cabinet Secretary for checking the intelligence agencies' budgets. He reports to JIC and to PSIS, for which an annual review of the functioning of British intelligence is prepared. The Co-ordinator also maintains five-year forecasts for the development of the intelligence agencies and their 'assets'.

Two further overseeing committees are concerned with specific intelligence services. The London Signal Intelligence Board (LSIB), which directly supervises GCHQ, is apparently a continuation of a wartime arrangement whereby the Chief of SIS (the Secret Intelligence Service) maintained the upper hand over the codebreakers of GCHQ. Whitehall rumour for many years has suggested that GCHQ had long since ended its subordination to SIS – electronic espionage was said to be on top. But details of the London Signal Intelligence Board are set out in the current edition of a manual on British intelligence, issued by the US National Security Agency. GCHQ officials were said to have been annoyed when details of the setting up of the Board were published in a recent history of wartime codebreaking, *The American Magic*, by Ronald Lewin.

The Official Committee on Security, chaired like PSIS by the Cabinet Secretary, is the supervising committee for MI5, the counter-espionage operation. This group bear the direct responsibility in cases such as Prime's and OCS subcommittees, concerned with Personnel Security and Security, Policy and Methods (under Sir Anthony Duff), administer the policy of 'positive vetting' to



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which anyone given access to Top Secret material is subjected. Events have shown that 'positive vetting' is of dubious effectiveness.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT would be justified, in looking at this jungle of committees, in thinking that there is responsibility to everyone *except* Ministers or the House of Commons. The 'output' of the system is distributed widely. Officials in virtually every department, including the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, and the Bank of England, are cleared to see secret intelligence from SIS or 'sigint' from GCHQ. But the distribution also goes outside Whitehall, particularly to 'certain industrial confidants' of the Departments of Trade and Industry. These include major companies like ICI, BP or Rio Tinto-Zinc (RTZ). One example of such a report containing secret commercial intelligence about Brazil was discovered in 1975. It had been sent by a Cabinet Office intelligence officer, John Evershed, to researchers at the right-wing Institute for the Study of Conflict. It was among papers that were leaked to the London magazine *Time Out*.

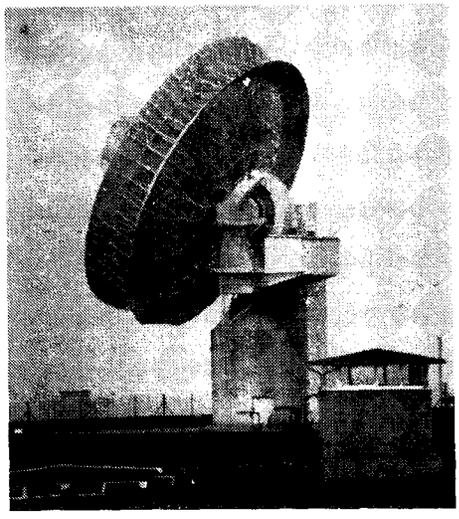
Current major economic intelligence targets are Japan, and the oil-producing countries, as well as all Soviet bloc countries. According to a top secret report on 'sigint' economic targets in the mid-1970s, then current priorities for economic intelligence included:

- diplomatic messages related to international oil negotiations and investment of oil revenue by producer countries;
- diplomatic messages covering world currency problems and national responses;
- Japanese diplomatic messages in general, and in particular those with economic content.

GCHQ's counterpart agency in Australia, the Defence Signals Division, was regularly breaking Japanese diplomatic codes for this and other purposes throughout the 1970s. The GCHQ division which employed Geoffrey Prime, the Joint Technical Language Service, regularly advertises jobs for Japanese and Arabic linguists.

Most economic intelligence now comes from 'sigint' gathered by GCHQ, in particular from its comprehensive programme of tapping international telephone cable and satellite links out of Britain. A major new station to tap the Intelsat commercial communications satellites above the Atlantic and Indian oceans was built at Morwenstow, near Bude in Cornwall in 1970. The operational justification to the United Kingdom for building this station was thin, as the then Director of GCHQ, Sir Leonard Hooper, admitted in a private letter to the Director of the American NSA, General Marshal S. (Pat) Carter. (The letter was discovered by a US author, James Bamford, while researching a recent book about NSA.) Sir Leonard wrote:

> I have leaned shamefully on you, and sometimes taken your name in vain, when I needed approval for something at this end. The aerials at Bude ought to be christened 'Pat' and 'Louis' (after the Director of the NSA and his deputy). . . .



'Pat' or 'Louis': one of GCHQ's Bude aerials.

GCHQ, LIKE THE rest of British intelligence, has made ferocious attempts to preserve its total secrecy from public, Parliament and press. It has been far more successful at this than in protecting itself from KGB penetration.

One of the ironies of the Prime case is that in fact GCHQ is not much good at breaking Russian codes. Only a few per cent of important Soviet signals, if that, are ever read and understood. Prime ended his career as a section head in the group concerned with the analysis of those few signals which were broken. Most of the centre's Soviet bloc 'J' Division staff are employed in fact to listen to and transcribe interesting portions of Soviet telephone calls, scooped up by spy satellites.

Cheltenham's other worldwide electronic snooping efforts are more successful. The codes and cyphers of Third World and developing countries in Africa, the Middle and Far East and South America are usually broken without undue difficulty. The *New Statesman* would not be justified in listing countries whose diplomatic signals can be read like a book (the cracking of Japanese and Argentine diplomatic codes has already been revealed elsewhere). But 'sigint' 'targets' include not just supposedly hostile and unaligned states, but also Britain's supposed friends and allies. Specific targets of GCHQ surveillance include NATO members Greece and Turkey – as well as Saudi Arabia, with which the government has recently signed a pact for intelligence co-operation, including the exchange of 'sigint' gathered by the Saudis' own new counterpart of GCHQ.

A questionmark must hang over the relevance to British interests of these international successes. As several Cheltenham specialists have put it, the data may be 'interesting and entertaining' but it is now really only 'of prurient interest' to a power like the UK.

Often the value of the intelligence gained is even more questionable, because by virtue of the way it is gathered, it is too secret to be used – and certainly too secret to show to ministers. For example, while he was Secretary of State for Energy, Tony Benn was completely ignorant of the fact that his officials were regularly getting secret intelligence bulletins on energy developments and prices from GCHQ and other sources.

Also, during the last Labour government, information about South African military activities in particular was actively suppressed by the JIC and its analysis teams. The 'justification' was that they didn't want the government to see such information 'with people like Benn in the Cabinet'.

WHATEVER HAPPENS AS a result of the Prime case, GCHQ's security will not be achieved by 'positive vetting'. The last spy in 'sigint' caught in Britain, like Prime an RAF NCO, had also passed all his 'PV' checks. He was Douglas Britten – who was jailed for 21 years in 1968. His case provided a graphic demonstration of the worthlessness of the Security Commission, the high-sounding but ineffective body to which the Prime case has also been referred. The Commission reported on the Britten case in December 1968, after Prime had gone to work at GCHQ, having left the RAF and having been on a KGB spying course in East Berlin. 'We find', the Commission wrote then, 'that there has been no neglect of duty or failure to apply RAF security procedures'.

On this occasion, the Security Commission will have little choice but to report that MI5 – the Security Service – failed to detect the servicing of 'dead-letter' drops by Soviet diplomats and agents; that GCHQ failed to notice the series of flights to Vienna and elsewhere booked and taken by Prime; and that its own past reports have had little or no value in stopping spies.

They might note also that one consequence of the introduction of positive vetting in 1952 was the death of Alan Turing, a celebrated mathematician who joined GCHQ's forerunner in 1938 and during the war broke the critical Enigma codes used by the German navy during the Battle of the Atlantic. Turing remained involved with GCHQ after 1945, but committed suicide in 1952 after intense pressure was put on him by the establishment's security division, when his homosexuality became a matter of record after he resisted a blackmail attempt and reported it to the police. Turing, according to Dr Andrew Hodges, the author of a forthcoming biography, was the 'central figure in scientific cryptanalysis without whom GCHQ wouldn't exist'. But it proved too small-minded to accommodate his loyal service. □

The 'Oversight' Committees

Permanent Secretaries Committee of the Intelligence Services (PSIS)
Cabinet Secretary (Chair); Permanent Under-Secretaries of Foreign and Home Offices, Defence, Treasury, Trade and Industry, Chief of Defence Staff, Co-ordinator of Intelligence and Security.
Does *not* include chiefs of intelligence agencies; approves budgets, overall priorities and plans; concerned with *direction* of intelligence gathering rather than analysis.

Joint Intelligence Committee
Deputy Under-Secretary, Foreign Office (Chair); Foreign Office Counsellor; Chief, SIS; Director-General, Security Service; Director, GCHQ; Director-General of Intelligence (MoD); Deputy Chief of Defence Staff (Intelligence); Chairman, Assessments Staff, Cabinet Office; Deputy Chairman, Assessments Staff, Cabinet Office; Co-ordinator of Intelligence and Security, Cabinet Office

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POLICE

Wrongful arrest

Terry Cannon's case was settled out of court

WHAT DOES it take to get satisfaction from the police complaints procedure? Two friends and I have just been given £2,000 damages plus costs by South Yorkshire police after we sued the Chief Constable for wrongful arrest, assault and malicious prosecution.

By offering us the maximum damages available, the police avoided an open trial that was due to start at Sheffield county court on 18 October. Yet when we first made our complaint about police treatment of us, neither the Police Complaints Board nor the Director of Public Prosecution (DPP) saw fit to take disciplinary or criminal action against the police officers involved.

The 'Burngreave incident' as it became known locally happened in July 1977. On a hot summer's evening, some police from Attercliffe station came to our street to a house in which black people lived to investigate a robbery that had happened a few hours earlier. Some black youths were seen to have been involved. Two of the police who arrived were in plain clothes, and claimed to have the name of a man wanted in connection with the robbery. They decided to arrest the three youths in the house; all were held for 24 hours; none was ever charged with anything to do with the robbery.

One of the youths, Tony Armstrong, declined to go with the police, and in the street backed away saying he had done nothing and would not go with them. In the grabbing and pushing which followed, the plain clothes officers Slater and Hallows drew truncheons and struck him while wrestling him to the ground. By now there were quite a few people in the street, some watching, others trying to stop the blows which were still landing on Tony, and some simply shouting at them to stop. It had not been immediately apparent that the two white men were police officers.

In one of the police cars – reinforcement had arrived by this time – I saw a young black man who I knew and went to talk to him through the open window. He was 16-years-old, and very distressed. I asked if he was all right and if they had told him why he'd been arrested. They had not. I argued firmly but peacefully with Special PC Lomax who was guarding him that he should have been told, and that his mother (who lived nearby and just then arrived) should be informed. I was pushed away from behind by one of the newly arrived policemen and told to 'fuck off and mind my own business'. I turned and said they should at least tell his mother, and was then grabbed and told 'right I'll have you'. I asked what for, was told obstruction, and was manhandled and frogmarched, thrown across the boot of a panda car, and eventually pushed into a police transit van.

Meanwhile Julian Griffiths was being arrested when he intervened to try to stop another officer applying a stranglehold to his girlfriend, who was not arrested but had also remonstrated with the police over their behaviour. He was struck from behind on the neck, pulled to the ground by his hair, and put in the transit van. While this was going on, other police arrested Robert Elliot and John Woollacott, who had also done nothing more than to argue with the police about their behaviour.

We were all placed in the back of the same transit van, and it is here that the film evidence was useful. Several of us were charged with criminal damage, for having torn policemen's shirts while supposedly assaulting them. But the film shows quite clearly that as we are all bundled and thrown into the van, the breast pocket of PC Lonsdale's shirt (which we were supposed to have torn before being arrested) is intact (see still taken from film).

What happened at the police station was witnessed by nobody except other arrested people, or police officers. Our word against theirs, with no witnesses, and of course no film.

On arrival at the Attercliffe police station, we were taken inside and forced to stand against walls for an hour and a half with arms stretched high on the wall and feet apart. If we turned, moved or did not have our hands high enough, we were threatened with violence and in two cases actually assaulted. This spreadeagling happened first in front of the station sergeant's desk, then in the corridor outside the cells. We were abused as 'do-gooders' and 'nigger-lovers'.

While this was going on, at one stage some of the uniformed police who had been involved in arrests came to the cell corridor and taunted the black youths in one of the cells. We heard crude and provocative racial abuse, and the sound of truncheons being banged against the cell door.

Most of the young black men in the cell were held for a whole day but were not charged with anything to do with robbery.

As a result of our complaint about this treatment, some officers 'were warned as to their conduct' because they 'admitted using language such as (we) described'.

In April 1978 our trial began at Sheffield Crown Court and lasted for six days. Five of us were accused, four whites who had intervened to protest about police behaviour, and the black youth we had seen being struck with truncheons. The charges were variously of assault and criminal damage (to police shirts). Before the defence had completed its evidence, the judge invited the jury to retire and consider its verdict. We had a large number of witnesses in our defence, many of them people who would be regarded as respectable, educated, middle-class (and white). In this, and in our possession of film evidence, we were fortunate. The jury soon returned not guilty verdicts on all charges, and the judge was able to avoid what would have been an embarrassing summing up for the police. Surprisingly, he made no comment about the police evidence.

When the official police complaint led to no action being taken against the police, three of us decided to sue the Chief Constable of South Yorkshire. The police decided to settle out of court, presumably to avoid the embarrassment of a public trial. Since 1977 we have effectively been prevented by *sub judice* from talking about and publicising what went on. What concerns me now is that the proposals for altering the complaints procedure will have little or no effect in our type of case. There will still not be an independent investigator, and the file will be seen only by the complaints board and the DPP. □

This incident will be included as part of a programme on the police in the series 20:20 *on Channel 4, Wednesday 24 November.*

A frame from the vital film

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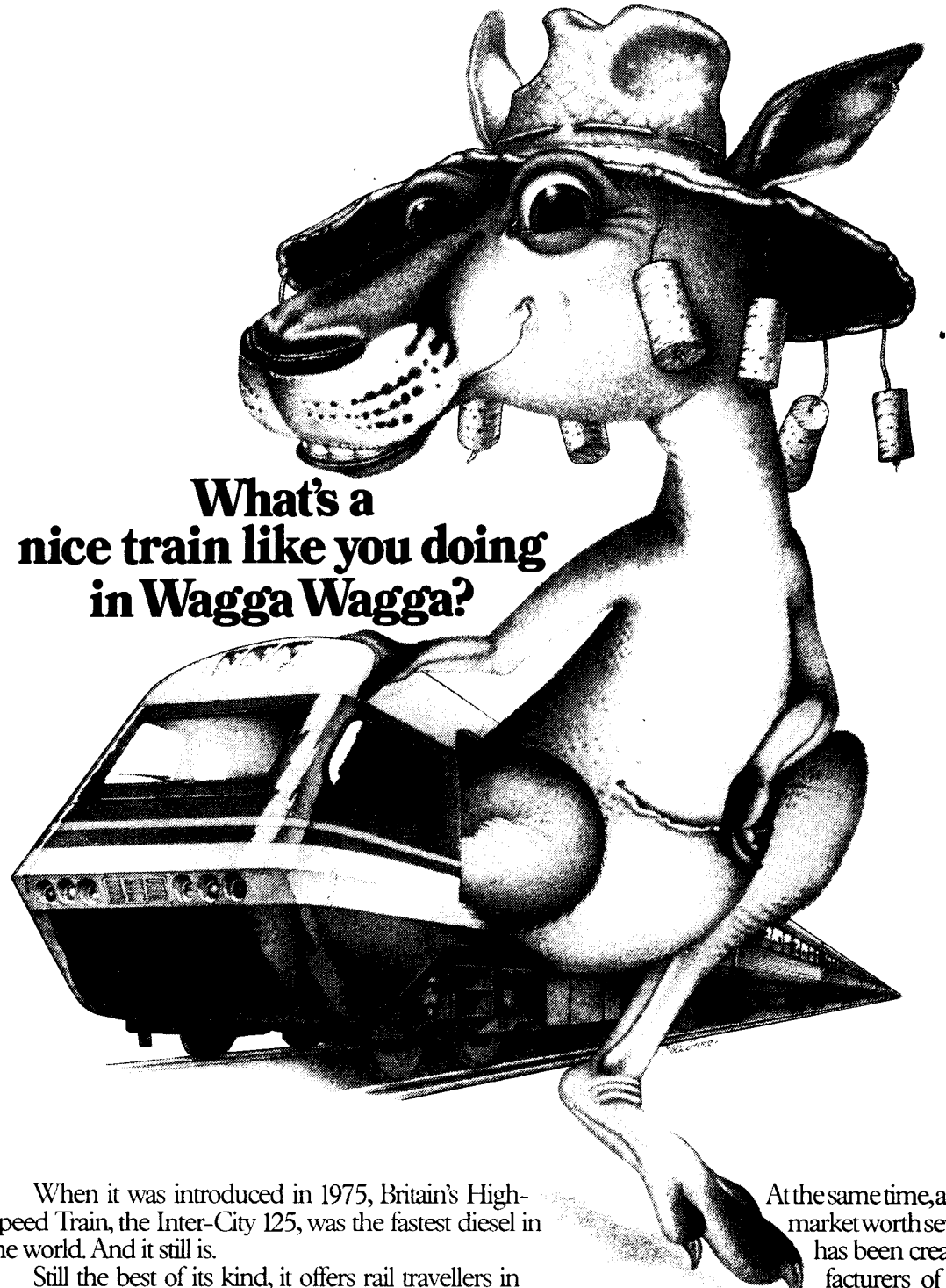

What's a nice train like you doing in Wagga Wagga?

When it was introduced in 1975, Britain's High-Speed Train, the Inter-City 125, was the fastest diesel in the world. And it still is.

Still the best of its kind, it offers rail travellers in Britain exceptional standards of comfort, safety and reliability, combined with very high speed.

That technology is now making a debut in New South Wales. After being compared with alternatives from a number of other countries, the HST 125 emerged victorious.

There followed a licensing agreement which gave New South Wales State Railways access to the relevant technical know-how on the HST power car design, with the right to use and adapt selected elements of the HST technology.

To date, the licensing agreement has earned British Rail, through its international consultancy subsidiary, Transmark, more than £300,000.

At the same time, a valuable new export market worth several million pounds has been created for UK manufacturers of the power unit, braking system and other mechanical equipment.

Four trains are already carrying passengers on main lines out of Sydney.

Orders for more trains are expected to be announced shortly.

Entirely new to Australia, the Inter-City 125 – renamed the XPT – is winning new customers for NSW State Railways. This is an important milestone in meeting the strong public demand for high quality rail services.

The HST's arrival down-under is further recognition of British Rail's leadership in rail technology.

Which is the reason why a nice train like ours will be calling at Wagga Wagga, Orange, Kempsey....

This is the age of the train

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DEFENCE

Faulty naval architecture

Philip Geddes reports evidence of inadequacies in the design and equipment of RN ships

LIVES IN THE Royal Navy are still being put at risk in the South Atlantic as the result of Admiralty's crazy design policy. The type 42 destroyer HMS Liverpool, which sailed this month for picket duty in the Falklands, had to have her ship's boats removed to make way for better armament.

HMS Liverpool had been in Portsmouth Naval Dockyard for weeks, undergoing what the Ministry of Defence described blandly as 'routine work'. Liverpool is in fact one of the Navy's newest ships, and the work could hardly be described as routine.

The dockyard stint was one of the first operational lessons of the Falklands war. Officially the line in Whitehall is that our ships performed 'magnificently' in the Falklands. While that is certainly true of the crews, it can hardly be said of the ships. According to the men who served in ships like the Type 42s, some of them were little more than death traps in action. The Type 42s in particular had been widely criticised as being woefully underarmed in relation to their size – a criticism born out in the South Atlantic. Two Type 42s – Sheffield and Coventry – were lost. It became clear that the ships were incapable of defending themselves against sustained air attack.

Highly sophisticated computer controlled defence systems proved very unreliable – in Sheffield's case it simply did not react fast enough to an attack from a low-flying Exocet missile. In another case, faced with two Argentinian aircraft attacking from the same bearing, the control system was unable to decide which target to attack and accordingly closed itself down. Officers on Type 42s have been in the forefront of calls for a better, simpler weapons system. In the words of one skipper: 'I demanded more guns. I wanted a wall of lead between me and any bloke attacking.'

Hence Liverpool's 'routine' work. She has been fitted with 2 twin 30mm BMARC guns and two twin 20mms to improve her armament. Such guns are little more than updated versions of Second World War anti-aircraft weapons – individually targeted by the gunner operating them, they pour fire in the general direction of any attacker.

For those with long memories, it feels like the rerun of an old movie. In 1940, after a number of successful German air attacks, ships were hastily rushed into the dockyards to fit more anti-aircraft guns. But, whereas Second World War ships were stable and could take any additional amount of weight on the top deck, the Type 42 is a notoriously unstable, top-heavy ship. The addition of some four tons of top weight in the shape of extra guns has meant that 30 tons of ballast (in the form of solid concrete) has had to be put in the keel. This in turn affects performance. To reduce top weight still further, the ship's boats have been removed. If for any reason the crew of Liverpool is forced to abandon ship, all that will be left are lightweight liferafts.

Meanwhile the MOD review of defence equipment and its performance in the Falklands continues. The official line that all is well is crumbling as the evidence of embarrasing and on occasions near disastrous equipment failures mounts. Engines were a major problem. According to one source with the Task Force, the complicated 'reduction gearing', which links the high speed gas turbine engines to the propellor drive shafts, broke down frequently. HMS Invincible suffered continual problems in her engine room. According to one senior engineering officer, hardly a single ship returned from the Falklands with all her engines fully operational.

Sophisticated navigation and radar equipment also broke down under prolonged operational use and heavy sea conditions. One officer said that there was 'an unacceptably high level of down time' on two many major systems.

The Navy is reluctant to acknowledge such problems. In the words of one MOD insider: 'It's going to be a cover-up all the way down the line.' The reason for this is simple. Unlike the Army and the RAF, who can pin the blame for equipment failure on their defence contractors, to all intents and purposes the Navy is its own major contractor. All RN ships start their life in the Navy Ship Design Department at Bath. All plans for Navy ships and their equipment are drawn up by Bath and the ships are then built under its close supervision. Any acknowledgement that the Navy's ships performed badly is thus an indictment of the Navy's own designers.

This resolute whistling in the dark is supported by the Navy's main contractor, British Shipbuilders. The Royal Navy is far and away BS's largest customer, so the nationalised shipbuilders are unlikely to be critical. After all, another Type 42, HMS Gloucester, was launched at Southampton only two weeks ago – and more are on BS's stocks.

However, there are signs that the cover-up may not succeed. Bath's latest 'wondership', the Type 23 frigate (details of which were revealed exclusively in the *New Statesman* four months ago), is in trouble. Despite Mr Nott's statement that he has 'endorsed the general configuration of the Type 23', it now looks as the ship may never be built. Its costs have risen to something like £110 million per ship in 1982/3 prices, while its effectiveness has not. Navy critics of the Type 23 have managed to postpone a decision to go ahead with it and hope that it may be killed off quietly in Whitehall. □

LABOUR PARTY

Natural injustice

Patrick Wintour examines a legal quagmire

A MONTH AGO *Militant* published a 6,000-word legal broadside against the Labour Party's proposed register. The article was based on the advice of their solicitor and a QC's opinion. It was this article which alarmed the Labour Right and prompted John Smith MP to seek counsel's advice in return – probably that of Alexander Irvine, QC. The *Militant* article made a series of legal criticisms. It pointed out that the inquiry which found *Militant* ineligible for the register was based on one-sided evidence. *Militant* were not allowed to answer the charges. No supporting evidence gathered by the inquiry was ever published by the NEC.

Militant were simply told that they had until 30 September to comply with the terms of the register, even though this date preceded the formal establishment of the register by the Party Conference. Other groups that have been found not to comply with the register are not to be disciplined in the same way as *Militant*.

The register, moreover, has – it seems – no constitutional standing. Conference established it not through a constitutional amendment, but via an endorsement of an NEC report. None of the five individual members of the *Militant* editorial board, who were due to be expelled by the NEC

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Mr Alfred Gooding of the A. J. Gooding Group, who are largely involved in the housing industry, told how he had gone out and bought a brand new Rolls-Royce to boost confidence after had had to sack 100 people one morning – *Daily Telegraph* (Ben Pimlott)

☐ The tobacco industry has agreed to spend £11m on health promotion research over the next three years, provided none of the money is used to study the effects of smoking. – *The Times* (Janet McLoughlin)

☐ Selby Council, Yorkshire, decided to call a new road after national Scrabble champion Russell Byers instead of another local celebrity, Arthur Scargill. – *Basildon Evening Echo* (David Ealey)

☐ Non-sexist male has herpes seeks similar men or women. I am warm, caring, attractive, tall, bearded, still happy, into many alternatives. – Small ad. in *City Limits* (Geraldine Hackett)

☐ The objective was to have a force throughout the country which could seek to contain an enemy attack provided it came in not too large numbers and was not too heavily armed. – *The Times* (Rebecca Hall)

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organisation sub-committee last week, has been given a chance to put a case to the NEC.

There is no doubt that the Labour Party nationally and locally has the general right to expel individuals from membership. Under Clause 9 of the Party constitution, the Labour Party National Executive has a 'duty to enforce the constitution and rules of the party and to take any action it deems necessary for such a purpose, whether by way of disaffiliation of an organisation or expulsion of an individual'. If the NEC expels an individual after giving that individual a hearing, there is no right of personal appeal to the party conference, although in the past, by custom and practice, the NEC has granted such appeals.

In essence, there are two avenues whereby individuals can be expelled from the Labour Party. The first is on the basis of an individual's views. The second is on the basis of organisational links – membership of an organisation which is declared to be incompatible with the Labour party.

Under Labour's rules it is easier to use the first avenue – to expel someone for individual actions or beliefs. Clause 3(3) states that 'each individual member must accept or conform to the constitution, principles and policy of the party'. If the Labour leadership's intention was merely to get rid of ten or so leading Militants, it would be relatively simple legally, if difficult politically, to interview them as individuals and expel them for holding 'unacceptable' views.

However, Jim Mortimer, Labour's General Secretary, told Conference that Militant's failure to qualify for the register – and the possibility of the expulsion of individual Militants – was not due to Militant's ideology, but to its organisational practice. In saying this, Mr Mortimer chose the more difficult of the two avenues. Labour's rules for the expulsion of individuals for their organisational links are complex.

Clause 2(3) of its constitution says that political *organisations* not affiliated to the party and having their own programme, principles and policy etc. shall be ineligible for affiliation to the party. Later, clause 2(4b) says: 'Individual members must not be members of political parties, or organisations, ancillary or subsidiary thereto, declared by the annual conference of the Labour Party or by the National Executive Committee, in pursuance of conference decisions, to be ineligible for affiliation to the party.'

Militant say that the Labour's leadership has some difficulty in applying these rules in order to expel individual Militant leaders. For Militant has never applied for affiliation to the Labour Party and has never been declared by the conference or by the NEC to be ineligible for affiliation to the Labour Party. It has only been declared ineligible for the register. *Ergo*, the argument goes, members or supporters of Militant cannot be expelled from the Labour Party simply for supporting Militant.

The Party replied by saying that the NEC inquiry into the Militant Tendency first showed that it had its own programme and principles; and, second, specified that Militant was in breach of Clause 2(3), which in effect means the NEC had declared Militant to be ineligible for affiliation to the Labour Party, regardless of whether or not it had in fact applied for such affiliation. Under Clause 2(4) no individual can be a member of the Labour Party, if he or she is also a member of an organisation ineligible for party affiliation.

If the party is right, it is in effect saying that it has already brought back the 'proscribed' list. But even if the party was able to show in a court of law that its inquiry into Militant as a separate organisation had been fair, it would still be necessary for the NEC to show that each individual up for expulsion was indeed a member of Militant. To comply with natural justice, each individual would have to be given a personal hearing.

It would not be the first time that the Labour Party had been taken to court for summary expulsion. In 1968, the Pembrokeshire Labour Party followed their MP, Desmond Donnelly, into forming an independent party. The Asst National Agent, Reg Underhill, on the instructions of the NEC, disbanded the party and set up a new one. Justice Megarry declared that the NEC's suspension of the party's activities and the deprivation of the elected officers' right to handle the party's property was a 'nullity', because the resolution passed by the NEC was contrary to the rules of natural justice. 'The process of giving notice of the charge and giving those concerned an opportunity of being heard was not fulfilled', he said. The NEC had to undertake widescale hearings in the constituency before it could reform the Pembrokeshire party.

His Lordship concluded: 'I am not for one minute saying that the National Executive Committee deliberately had resolved to ignore the rules of natural justice. But however innocent the committee, what was done was wrong.' These words must sound particularly ominous to the NEC, as they consider what to do next in the face of Militant's new-found interest in bourgeois justice. □

UNEMPLOYMENT

Training on the dole

Donald Hirsch reports on the new MSC programmes

THIS WEEK THE Manpower Services Commission's Special Programmes Board met for the last time.

With its replacement by new 'advisory' machinery, a new chapter opens in the history of MSC's special programmes for the unemployed. Over the next year, the MSC's two largest existing programmes are to be replaced with the first Tory 'giant schemes'.

The new £1 billion Youth Training Scheme for school leavers and the £574 million Community Programme for the long-term unemployed have been designed under the influence of Tory political objectives.

The bulk of MSC spending between now and September 1983 will be devoted to the 460,000 place Youth Training Scheme (YTS) for minimum age school leavers, which replaces the Youth Opportunities Programme (YOP). This scheme will provide year-long courses of 'vocational preparation' and 'education' for 16 year olds on state allowance. It is claimed that YTS is not aimed at reducing youth unemployment, but is concerned with Britain's training needs. But, quite apart from the doubts that have already been raised about the usefulness of a single year's vocational training to school leavers or to their prospective employers, it is clear that the government is not spending £1 billion simply to improve our training system.

Tory belief that youth unemployment is largely caused by excessively high wages is already embodied in the subsidy under the Young Workers' Scheme, which gives £15 a week to an employer who takes on an under-18 year old at less than £40 a week. Norman Tebbit's original attempt to pay YTS trainees only £14.40 a week has provisionally been revised to the current YOP allowance of £25, index-linked. But, as the scheme will now include young workers as well as the young unemployed, it is bound to be instrumental in 'controlling the expectation' of 16 year olds.

When the details of YTS were being devised by a special MSC Task Group early this year (*NS* 12 March), the unions fought against the removal of a whole age group from ordinary employment, and won the right for 16 year olds within the scheme to be put on permanent contracts by employers. But now, as the MSC sets about the task of 'selling' the YTS scheme to employers, this option is played down. A recent MSC briefing paper admits:

> Such a scheme will inevitably blur the distinction between employed and unemployed young people, and in responding to the need to take on more people than they otherwise would, employers may well decide to *defer* selection for permanent employment or further skill training until after the young people with them have completed their YTS programme.

The Community Programme, introduced last month, is to take a further 130,000 off the dole queues, this time engaging the long-term jobless to do temporary part-time work of benefit to the community. This £60 a week average wage scheme has been condemned by many voluntary organisations, local authorities and some unions as cheap labour, paying most of its participants little more than their dole entitlement and providing no training. The decision to abolish the more popular £89 a week Community Enterprise Programme (CEP) is said to have been taken because Professor Walters objected to a scheme for the unemployed which was interfering with market forces.

Widespread criticism of the new special programmes is being countered by a tidal wave of MSC propaganda, including the Saatchi & Saatchi advertising campaign to

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promote the Community Programme. The transition will also be smoothed by the replacement of the old MCS machinery. Some of the most outspoken critics of the MSC on the old Special Programmes Board, like Ray Hurst of the Institute of Careers Officers and Clare Short of the Unemployment Unit, have been left off the new Youth Training Board.

Yet the TUC's influence on the MSC (as well as the power of individual union branches to stop the schemes in the workplace) means that neither of the new schemes could go ahead without at least passive union approval. The trade unions' failure to reject programmes, which NUPE deputy general secretary Tom Sawyer describes as 'setting out to lower the expectations of, de-unionise and de-skill the labour force', is a clear sign of the weakness of their position under the present government.

The TUC's view is described straightforwardly by its Assistant General Secretary, MSC Commissioner Ken Graham: 'Under the present government, we're out for whatever we can get, in terms of money and in terms of guarantees – of union participation in schemes and of no "substitution" [for fully paid employment].'

Graham claims that in both the new schemes the TUC has forced significant improvements on the original government proposals. The MSC Youth Task Group forced Tebbit to double the allowance originally proposed for YTS and to make participation in it voluntary.

And Geoffrey Howe's 1982 budget speech proposals that the long-term unemployed should do community work in return for their social security benefit, plus expenses, were eventually transformed into the Community Programme, paying the going hourly rate for the job (up to local authority manual levels). Many believe, however, that the original extreme Tory proposals were constructed with a view to 'giving ground' to bodies like the TUC.

But even unions such as NUPE, which feel under direct threat from the new programmes, find them difficult to reject completely. There is public pressure, especially in areas where unemployment is most concentrated, to accept *any* short-term measure to help the unemployed.

Despite the fact that they do not like the general principles of the Community Programme, both NUPE and NALGO have told their branches to consider each proposed scheme on its individual merits. At this level it is impossible to identify such effects as increasing workers' long-term tolerance of a lower level of weekly wages. Mrs Thatcher's strength in such a battle is the lack of any union mechanism to offer concerted resistance – least of all through the TUC.

The unions also have to worry about their own crisis of membership. With less than 50 per cent of under 18 year old school leavers now in jobs, there is a real danger of losing a whole generation of trade unionists. Organising the unemployed on any scale is exceedingly difficult, but the task is made easier when they are on special programmes and can be contacted in the workplace. □

PROTEST

Greenham Common

As 16 women go to jail Janey Hulme describes the peace camp

It would appear that Newbury District Council is concerned with the aesthetics of the women's environment at Greenham Common. The tons of rock deposited there recently are to be turned into a rockery. When a group from STAND (St Albans Nuclear Disarmament Campaign) visited the women's peace camp, we found it to be more reminiscent of Stonehenge than a US base.

The reason for Newbury District Council's sudden interest in gardening is, of course, to prevent the camp growing again. Once the rocks are in place tons of soil are to be delivered and trees and shrubs planted. This will effectively stop the parking of caravans, the erection of tents and tepees, while hiding the camp from the road and keeping the women well hemmed in, in one small corner by the base gate.

The women have taken all this in their stride. Since their vans were impounded by the police, and the entrance verges on which they camped dug up and churned into rivers of mud by Newbury District Council, they have 'camped' out in survival bags – even during those endless weeks of autumn rainfall. Officially, they are even forbidden polythene shelters, or fires, and could, at any time, be summonsed for possessing these.

Anyone who has ever camped in bad weather will understand how impossible it is to keep things dry and to remain cheerful. Usually, there is the alternative of packing up and going home – one which is not available to those at Greenham Common, unless someone can take their place. One of the women's main worries is that, should they be arrested, or suffer ill health during bad weather, no one will replace them. They would like to hear from women who would do so.

When the rocks arrived, the women daubed them with peace signs and slogans. They also used a few hundredweight of the smaller, flatter stones to construct a cobbled path. The morning that we arrived, a gang of seven or eight labourers was drifting about the site, and a bright young thing from Manchester University (who is in charge of Landscaping) was loping, rather worriedly we thought, after a JCB earthmover, which was elephanting through the border hedges and depositing rock cakes here, there and everywhere.

Some of the labourers told me that they had been hired for one day's work on private contract by the Council. I asked them what they were supposed to be doing. They shrugged. In the few hours that we were there, I saw only a few men pick up and move the odd boulder that had escaped the JCB's jaws. Meanwhile, pinstriped and smart-dark-suited men watched the activities from inside the base – it was rumoured that these were lesser gods from the Ministry of Transport.

Amazingly, the little 'Tree of Life' survived the rock-onslaught, the big-boot-tread and the psychopathic, hedge-bashing JCB. The tree was planted when the Camp was established, and the women promised 'Trouble' should it be in any way damaged. It stands, though rather sadly, like a forgotten Christmas tree – one little tatter of colour all that remains of its former decorations.

The women are also being discriminated against at Northcote Recreation Centre, Newbury, where they are used to taking a shower. They have now been told that they will not be allowed to enter wearing muddy wellingtons, nor without a swimsuit (they cannot have a shower without having a swim). They protested that they were willing to pay for the swim without taking it – so leaving more space for regular bathers. The management's advice was either to rent a hotel room, or to use the nearby river – which, needless to say, is against the common by-laws. They eventually told the women they *may* be able to attend if they:

1. Did not wear muddy wellingtons;
2. Attend only *in pairs;*
3. *Said* that they were going for a swim even if they weren't!

Conservative-controlled Newbury Council encourages local people to make complaints about the women – who get little support from a township where many local people depend on the US base for work, and where they participate in the evening social life.

It was interesting to see the reactions of passing US staff, who have been instructed to look straight ahead when entering or leaving the base. Very few do – they can't resist glancing at the fire with its huge black cauldron; at the incongruity of woollen webs, balloons, ribbons and paper roses hung on barbed wire; at a delicate galleon swaying on a nearby tree. As we prepared to leave, one army vehicle roared by bearing floodlights to illuminate the outside of the base on 12 December – when women everywhere are being asked to support the International Women's Day of Protest by surrounding the 9-mile perimeter of the base. (They are urged to come as self-sufficient as possible and to bring a 'loved belonging' to hang on the perimeter fence.)

Just a bunch of women? It seems that government, military and police will go to extraordinary lengths to be rid of them. Could it be that they are worried about the impact their presence creates? Clouds gathered as we waved our goodbyes from the car. I could see the small fragment of colour on the Tree-of-Life wind-whipped into a farewell, too. It made me feel strangely hopeful . . . □

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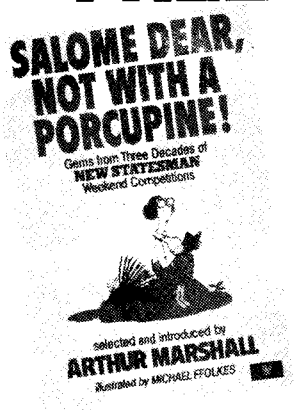
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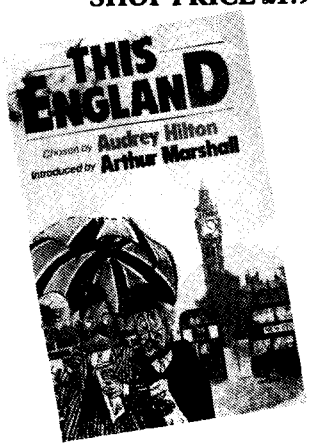

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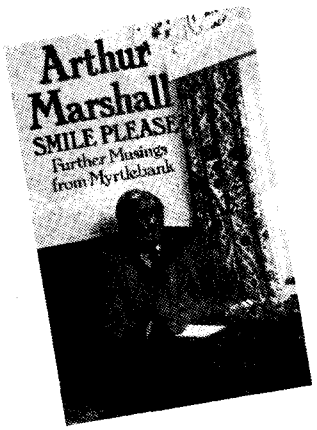

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DIARY

Christopher Price

The Government are introducing bills at breakneck speed this session – presumably to clear the decks for a May election if they feel like having one. First in line is the Transport Bill – to force up bus fares in South Yorkshire, as the House of Lords did in London (see last week's table in the *NS*). I have been taken to task by the County Council Labour Group for giving Sheffield the credit for cheap fares which should properly attach to the whole Socialist Republic – Doncaster, Barnsley, Rotherham, the lot. It is true they have all shown commendable solidarity in maintaining their bus fares at Moscow-type levels; but they were helped enormously by Harry Wolff, the estimable judge who has proved as much of a scourge of this government's bureaucratic authoritarianism as Lord Denning was of Labour. First he ruled that Patrick Jenkin illegally abolished my local Area Health Authority in Lewisham; and then he legalised Labour's cheap bus fares in the provinces, by producing a judgment which was as compelling and sensitive to the realities of local democracy as that of the Lords on London buses was confused and incomprehensible. It is this judgment that the government are in the process of overturning.

○

The process of praying to keep the front bench below the gangway in Tribunite hands is getting more and more uncomfortable. As readers will know, we sit on green choir stalls in the Commons, and the defectors to the Social Democrats are chiefly characterised by their sheer girth. It's not just Roy Jenkins himself (who can decently plead six years' solid intake of Euro-grub) – the McNallys, Ropers and Wellbeloveds are hardly the most svelte of MPs. Nor do I get any slimmer with the years. I am accused by George Cunningham, quite the least committed of the SDP defectors, of indulging in childish pranks and I happily agree. It is only because the House of Commons is so infantile for much of the time that it can be serious on important occasions. But it is also a real pleasure to watch (the truly svelte) David Steel slip into his reserved position on the Liberal bench, while his putative leader, Roy, dithers at the Bar of the House, waiting for a suitably plump acolyte to surrender his seat. As the polls consistently emphasise, David would be so much more popular a leader for the Alliance.

○

We've been refused an immediate debate on security but the problem won't go away. Freedom from parliamentary scrutiny does not just encourage a state within a state and unacceptable abuses of political power; the financial abuses are just as bad. Stimulated by Jock Kane, a former GCHQ employee who actually believed in financial propriety, I have been pursuing a correspondence with various Foreign Office ministers over the past two years about the abuse of overtime in GCHQ and received denials couched in the same sort of circumlocution as Ronald Ziegler used to deny impropriety over Watergate. It is true that if we ever got a parliamentary Security Committee, it would resemble Franks – a collection of careful, superannuated privy councillors. But even that would be immensely preferable to our present Security Commission – populated by judges and civil servants. The great advantage that Messrs Barber, Lever, Rees and Watkinson have over judicial and bureaucratic functionaries is that when in active politics they gained their political authority from the people below, not a patron above. It breeds an important difference in psychology. Moreover they have also been accustomed to publicity; I have never seen why the Heads of MI5 and MI6 (see Duncan Campbell p.8) should enjoy anonymity. If Andropov and Bush could do without it in their equivalent superpower positions, what's so different about British civil servants who fancy their chances as spymasters? Public identification, together with parliamentary scrutiny, might induce some sense of responsibility for the taxpayers' money they handle so freely.

○

One particular secret document, which seems to have come my way, is the *Instruction Book for the Guidance of the Metropolitan Police Force*. Quite innocently, a lady of spirit last year threw out both her policeman boyfriend and all his gear to the local jumble sale, where the secret manual in question

was bought by a passing barrister. He used it for cross-examination and nearly lost it one day to an enraged policeman, who attempted larceny in open court, but was repulsed. I asked Willie Whitelaw to put it in the Library, but he wouldn't. It is now xeroxed and at large throughout the civil libertarian fraternity, and will be read into the Hansard record during the Committee Stage of the Police Bill. The advice it gives is at times sensible, though Brixton blacks would be dubious how far Ch. 1, Sec. 3 had sunk in:

> (The policemen) must look on himself as the servant and guardian of the general public, and treat all law abiding citizens, irrespective of their race, colour, creed or social position, with unfailing patience and courtesy.

At times it is a downright threat to road safety:

> All ranks when cycling . . . will salute by turning the head and eyes towards the officer or object saluted, without quitting hold of the handlebars with either hand.

There are 44 chapters of this sort of thing, all meant to be learnt by heart by every police cadet. I can't see any reason why it should be kept secret; but I'm sure it could be shortened for the sake of those poor cadets.

ROGER WODDIS

A breach of the peace

Sixteen women have been sent to prison for 14 days for refusing to be bound over and to stop campaigning against the siting of cruise missiles at Greenham Common RAF base.

There are crimes and crimes,
And some are worse than others,
But the worst are those
(Or so one would suppose)
Committed from the heart
And out of love for others.

These are troubled times,
The air is dark with danger
And reason must be quelled,
For the law must be upheld
And fear is just our way
Of welcoming the stranger.

We have heard the chimes,
The midnight moon has risen:
The bankrupt have begun
To penalise the sun,
But none feels half as free
As those who are in prison.

Correction

The heading on the table with Martin Upham's article on British Steel (*NS* 29 October) should have referred to quarterly average consumption figures for finished steel. The reference in the text to the 'last normal year' of steel imports should have been to 1979.

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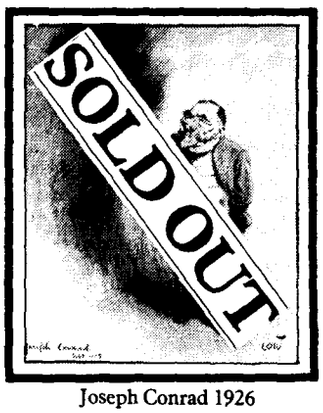
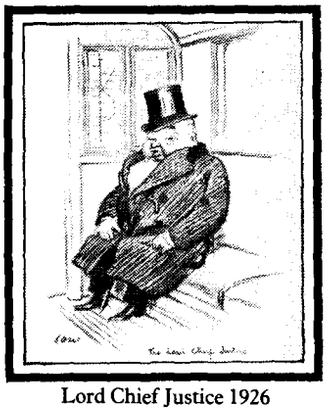


Joseph Conrad 1926

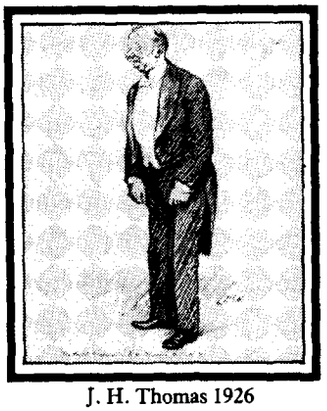
H. G. Wells 1926

Lloyd George 1926



Lord Chief Justice 1926

Marie Stopes 1933



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To Russia with Love

Dev Murarka analyses the political process by which Yuri Andropov was chosen as Brezhnev's successor and the career which made him the most popular candidate

Moscow

WHY MR YURI ANDROPOV? Why not someone else, for instance, Mr Konstantin Chernenko? Or a younger person like Mr Mikhail Gorbachov? It was expected by most people, of course, that Andropov would succeed Leonid Brezhnev. But the vote in the Politburo on 11 November, which went in his favour, was by no means a foregone conclusion. The atmosphere was tense, the clash of ambitions sharp.

A Soviet leader is not elected by public vote. He is selected by a small group of people accustomed to wielding enormous power. In Andropov's case, it was slightly different, because there was awareness of the popularity of his candidacy. The matter was finally settled by an enlarged meeting of the Politburo. It included the 10 full members, excluding Andrei Kirilenko in disgrace and Arvid Pelshe who was dying and unable to attend. It also included the nine candidate members of the Politburo and three secretaries of the central committee who are not full or candidate members – a total of 22 persons. But only the 10 full members had voting rights. Of the 10, Andropov and Chernenko could not vote because they were candidates themselves. So, in practice, eight people chose the next Soviet leader.

Their voting undoubtedly reflected the opinions of the non-voting members of the meeting. But once the decision was made it became binding on anyone who did not want to face political demotion or oblivion. In theory, the vote could be appealed to the full Central Committee, but everyone knew that the Central Committee would have supported Andropov. The first Politburo meeting failed to come to an agreement, but at the second Chernenko accepted defeat and Andropov was unanimously elected. Chernenko was charged with proposing his name to the Central Committee as the new leader.

We shall, of course, never know much about the horse-trading and the compromises that took place. But it seems fairly certain that Chernenko had enough support to ensure that he will be elected President when the Supreme Soviet meets on 23 November. For the time being, there will in theory be a collective leadership. However, in the Soviet system, power always flows gradually into the hands of the General Secretary of the Communist Party. Sooner or later, the collective leadership is likely to become nominal. It happened after Lenin, when Stalin, Kamenev and Zinoviev formed a *Troika*, but then Stalin got rid of the others. It happened after Stalin, when Khrushchev ousted Malenkov and Beria. And it happened after Khrushchev, when Podgorny and Kosygin were edged out of power over a longer period. How far, and more importantly how fast, Andropov will go in this direction is as yet unclear. But there are already signs that he will be the real leader.

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Газета основана 5 мая 1912 года В. И. ЛЕНИНЫМ

Орган Центрального Комитета КПСС

№ 317 (23478) • Суббота, 13 ноября 1982 года • Цена 4 коп.

ИНФОРМАЦИОННОЕ СООБЩЕНИЕ

о Пленуме Центрального Комитета Коммунистической партии Советского Союза

Речь товарища Ю. В. АНДРОПОВА

Вчера состоялся внеочередной Пленум Центрального Комитета КПСС.

Пленум единогласно избрал Генеральным секретарем ЦК КПСС товарища Андропова Юрия Владимировича.

***Pravda*'s studio portrait of Andropov on the day**

THE RELATIONSHIP between a Soviet leader and his public is exceedingly complex. It is like an arranged oriental marriage. The fundamental characteristic of the arranged marriage is that love and affection come after the ceremony, not before. Similarly, the Soviet public is only given a chance to fall in love with its leader after he has been selected. For the most part, the Russian public has maintained a respectful reserve about its leaders.

Nevertheless, Soviet leaders do not function in a vacuum. A vast complex network of ties with the public – political and non-political – hundreds of thousands of letters written to the authorities at all levels every day on every conceivable topic, intelligence reports and higher officials' assessments, all these provide a pulse of the public's feelings. By these measures, when Andropov's selection was announced, the public was genuinely pleased as well as relieved. Chernenko, for instance, would have been a far from popular choice. He was considered too much of a 'Brezhnev man' after 18 years of Brezhnev himself. If the Gallup Poll existed in the Soviet Union, it would undoubtedly have confirmed that the Politburo had made a popular choice.

Andropov's background has been the key factor here. Soviet leaders on the ladder to power do not have Saatchi and Saatchi to sell their televisual image to the people. For all that, the formation of public opinion in the Soviet Union is an observable process. Andropov's image has been quietly building over the past few years.

As the senior leaders of the Politburo became older and visibly worn out, the public began to think of the succession. Attention increasingly focussed on Andropov. Indeed, in the late 1970s, voices could be heard anxiously discussing when he was going to move out of his KGB chair into the political arena proper. Some feared, particularly during the last couple of years when Chernenko's rise appeared increasingly irresistible, that he might have left it too late. But, when it came to the choice, none of his rivals could match his impressive credentials for the job.

Born in the Stavropol region in 1914, he can be considered almost a child of the October Revolution. Giving up his university education, he became in turn a telegraph worker, an apprentice cinematographic mechanic and a seaman for two years in 1930-32. Then he rejoined an institute and got a diploma in waterways technology. Straight away he plunged into work for the Communist Youth Organisation, the Komsomol. Thus began his political career at the age of 22.

In 1940 came the big break, from which he has never really looked back. He was selected for youth work in Karelia and later became a high official of the party. It is not clear who spotted him, but it brought him in close touch with Otto Kuusinen, even then

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an influential figure, and to the attention of Georgi Malenkov, then in charge of party cadres.

As a consequence, Andropov was brought to Moscow in 1951 to work in the International Department of the Central Committee under Kuusinen's direct supervision. There he remained until Stalin's death. Shortly afterwards he was posted to Budapest as the Soviet Ambassador to Hungary, in 1953. He was there during the Hungarian uprising of 1956 and was brought home in 1957 by plane, after he had suffered a heart attack. This makes him the only Soviet leader since Lenin to have lived abroad.

Andropov is still criticised for his role in Hungary. He certainly had to carry out some very unpleasant duties as the Soviet Ambassador. But he had advised Khrushchev against intervention and was overruled. Later, he was instrumental in installing Janos Kadar in office and supporting his reforms. Certainly, in Hungarian official circles, Andropov's ascent to power has been genuinely welcomed.

In 1962, despite the fact that his relations with Khrushchev were fragile, Andropov was made a secretary himself in the Central Committee, in charge of socialist countries. He remained there until 1967.

IN MAY 1967, he was appointed the Chairman of the State Security Committee – the KGB. Many thought that was the end of his political career and that he would never recover from the taint of working as the head of an organisation with a sinister reputation. But Andropov did not go there as an operational head of the KGB. He went there as a political supervisor. Although he did not retain his secretaryship in the Central Committee, he was immediately made a candidate member of the Politburo; and in 1973 a full member.

His task was to reform the organisation, to convert it from being simply an instrument of intimidation into a modern intelligence gathering unit which could aid the political leaders in coming to decisions. Under Andropov the drive for highly educated, young and intelligent recruits was intensified.

The second important part of his duty was to deal with the growing Soviet dissident movement. His appointment came just after the Daniel-Sinyavsky trials. His clear view was that dissidence, at least in the Soviet Union, was at root a dream of the golden West. When dissidence became synonymous with emigration, it faded away and as a movement it ceased to be a political force of any consequence.

One thing can be said with certainty. Andropov will not be a shadow of Brezhnev. Although he is 68, and his health not robust because of a second heart attack sometime ago, he is very much his own man. The circumstances are also different for him. Lenin's exit led to an eventual bloodbath. Stalin's death led first to uncertainty, then a prolonged power struggle. Khrushchev was removed by a political coup. Andropov has come to power normally in a normal manner. He has already impressed everyone by his behaviour, firm but modest. □

IRAN

Khomeini's home front

Fred Halliday looks at the dual campaign against Iraq and the Kurds

Paris

IRAN'S latest counter-attack against Iraq, the third since June, has been accompanied by intensified fighting within Iran between government forces and Kurdish guerrillas operating in the west of the country. According to Sheikh Izzadin Hosseini, the leading Kurdish cleric now on a temporary visit to Europe, this government offensive began in September and has involved the heaviest assaults so far upon the Kurds.

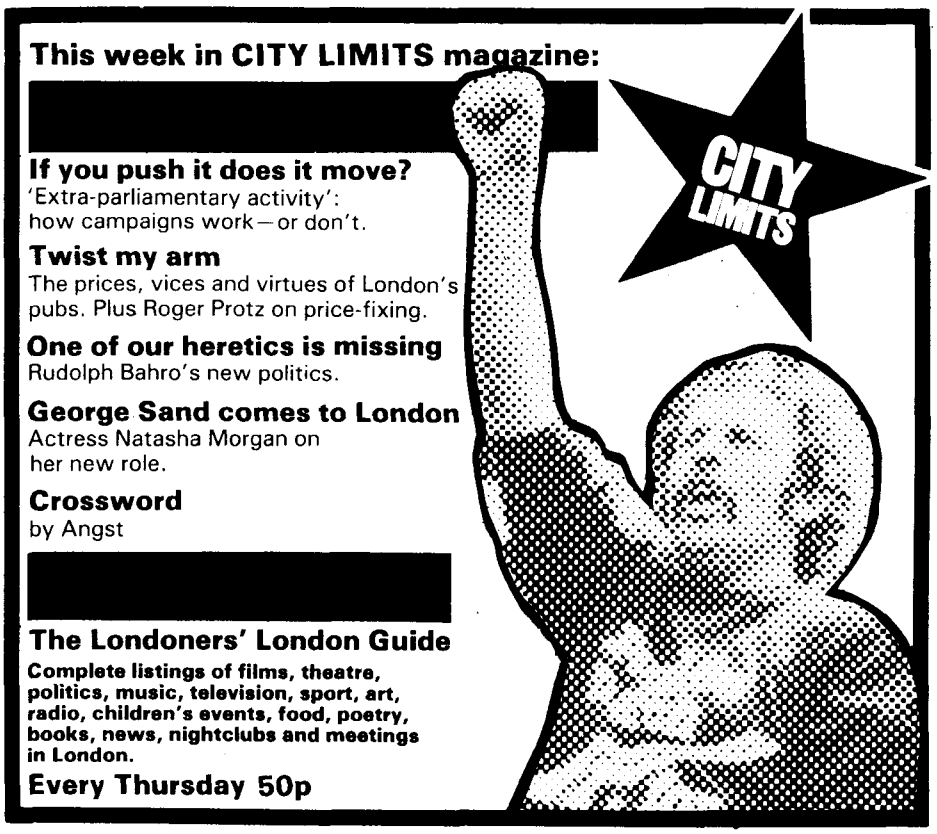
Hosseini reports that the two Iranian army divisions normally used in campaigns against the Kurds, the 64th from Urumiyeh and the 12th from Sanandaj, have been supplemented by two others brought from cities in north-west Iran, Qazvin and Tabriz. These regular troops are also reinforced by irregulars of the Islamic Guards and the Basij (or Mobilisation of the Oppressed), a unit set up in 1980 during the American hostages crisis to resist any US invasion.

The combination of attack across the frontier with counter-insurgency operations within Iran reflects the priorities of the Tehran government. It wants to open the Piranshahr-Sardasht road in order to bring up reinforcements to the Iraqi frontier. It also hopes to cut the Kurds off from the outside world by encircling their strongholds.

This strategic consideration goes together with an ideological one. For just as the campaign against Iraq is justified as one against godless infidels, so too the Kurds are portrayed as enemies of Islam. Since approximately two-thirds of the Kurds are Sunni Muslims, who resent the Shi'ite domination established by Khomeini, this campaign to crush them has a religious as well as a Persian national aspect.

Sheikh Izzadin is particularly indignant at what he sees as Khomeini's attempt to alter the religious character of the Kurdish areas. While there are no forced conversions, the teachers being sent into the Kurdish regions controlled by the government are Shi'ite zealots, and a special training school for Kurdish Shi'ite clergy has been set up in Urumiyeh.

This policy of religious oppression goes together with the deportation of many hundreds of Kurds from their mountain homes to other parts of Iran and the denial in the Iranian Islamic constitution of any autonomous rights for the minorities. Sheikh Izzadin tells the story of how, in April 1979, he met Khomeini. The Ayatollah avoided any specific commitments to the rights of the Kurds, but as they were parting he took the Sheikh by the lapel of his cloak: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'Extra-parliamentary activity': how campaigns work – or don't.
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Rudolph Bahro's new politics.
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'I want you to guarantee the security of Kurdistan', Khomeini said. Sheikh Izzadin took Khomeini's lapel and replied: 'And I want you to guarantee the autonomy of Kurdistan'. But even then he did not believe Khomeini.

Sheikh Izzadin represents a religious outlook markedly different from that of other clerics in Iran. He has a gentle, egalitarian personality, and rejects the view that the clergy should play a leading role in politics. He did not think that Iran was yet ripe for socialist policies and saw a conflict between the philosophic foundations of Islam and socialism. But he saw no conflict with the social and economic policies of socialism.

He has supported the political movements in Kurdistan which are led by two left-wing forces – the Komeleh, to which he has been particularly close, and the Kurdish Democratic Party. One consequence of the recent government offensive has been that these two groups have now formed a joint military command.

Elsewhere in Iran guerrilla resistance seems to be continuing at a considerable level, despite over a year of government repression that has left many thousands executed, tortured and in jail. Mojahidin leader Masud Rajavi insists, as he did when he left Iran in July of last year, that the fall of the Khomeini government is near. He claims that his forces carry out between 25 and 30 military operations a day against the Khomeini government.

Rajavi claims, furthermore, that over 2,000 leading members of the regime have been killed by the resistance and that six of the seven religious deputies appointed by Khomeini to run the country have been killed or seriously injured by the Mojahidin. Rajavi sees the present stage of resistance as involving a challenge to the regime's reign of terror and believes this will open the way to mass protests later on. He reports that he has ten thousand followers inside the country willing to give their lives to attack government officials.

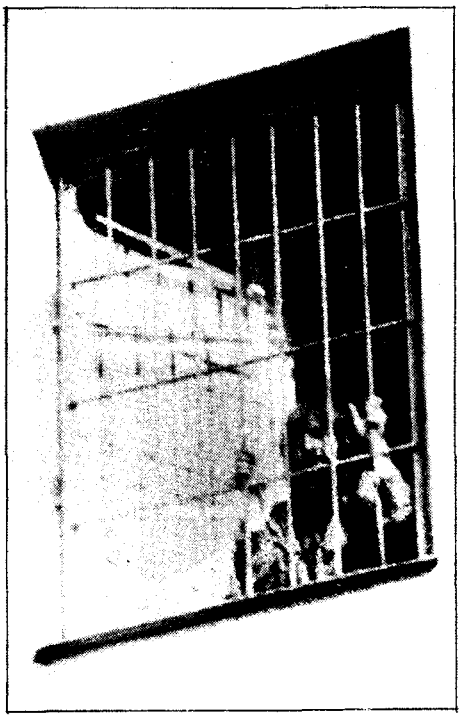
Not all the opposition gathered in France shares Rajavi's viewpoint. Some on the left regard him as being too vague in his social programme and too compromised by his association with former members of the Khomeini regime, such as ex-President Bani-Sadr. Other figures, such as the former Prime Minister, Ali Amini, believe that the Iranian people are tired of political rhetoric and radicalism and that there must be an alliance of the youthful idealists within the resistance with those who have some experience of administration and government. There are many reports of increased royalist sentiment in Iran – 'The light shines from his grave' is a Persian expression used to evoke the better days of the Shah.

Even more than most former objects of external domination, Iranians tend to blame their woes on and seek their salvation in the actions of foreign powers. There is little to comfort the opposition at the moment – with the Soviet Union still seeking favour with Khomeini, France trying to send an ambassador, Britain restoring export credit guarantees for Iran and the US intelligence services letting it be known that they think the Islamic regime will survive beyond Khomeini's death. The Foreign Office has just 'requested' the BBC External Service to increase its broadcasts to Afghanistan. This has led to a cut in transmissions to Iran – another small sign of increased Western interest in the stability of Khomeini's government. □

DETENTE

'Trust Group' hangs on

Alice Underwood reports on Moscow meetings



Batovrin behind bars: this photograph was taken in August on behalf of 'Aid to Russian Christians'. It shows Sergei Batovrin during his enforced stay in Moscow's Ordinary Psychiatric Hospital No. 14.

THE MOSCOW-based 'Group to Establish Trust between the USSR and the USA' is down, but by no means dead. This is my conclusion after a recent visit to Moscow, during which I met members of the group and observed the continuing KGB offensive against all forms of heterodoxy.

Last week's news that a member of the group, Oleg Radzinsky, had been arrested suggests that the KGB's inhibitions about taking overt action against the group may be eroding. His father is the successful playwright, Eduard Radzinsky, whose works are running in several Soviet theatres and whose moral support for his son is widely known.

The group showed me its latest public document. This sets out a series of proposals designed to promote the genuine détente between the Soviet Union and the United States. These include: the creation of libraries and cultural centres in all Soviet and American cities of more than a million inhabitants; the wider study of English in Russia, and of Russian in America; the free exchange of newspapers; easier tourist travel in both directions; easier telephonic communication.

These proposals stand in stark contast to the trend of Soviet policy in recent months, which has been aimed at reducing the already low level of Soviet-Western exchanges. The number of international telephone lines, for example, has been cut by two-thirds.

The group denies that its members are dissidents in the ordinary sense of the word. It states that it supports the official policies of peace and multilateral disarmament, but in its own way. It has sought, but has been denied, official recognition. Its crimes are its independence and its implicit criticism of hardline Soviet practices.

One of the group's spokesmen is a well-known physicist, Yury Khronopulo. He told me that whatever difference of viewpoint may exist, the group hopes that Western peace groups will support it in order to promote a broader and freer debate. The monolithic official view should not be the only Soviet voice to be heard.

Khronopulo also told me that official claims that the group is insignificant must be seen against its achievement in collecting the signatures of 900 supporters from different areas of the USSR.

Since the group was formed, Khronopulo has been regularly followed by the police. The KGB has told his neighbours to have no contact with him. A KGB-orchestrated 'provocation' led to his imprisonment, along with a colleague, the geographer, Yury Medvedkov. Charged with 'hooliganism,' they served 15-day terms.

Later, Medvedkov was driving his car, which he kept in good condition, when the steering-wheel came off in his hands. Another member of the group, physicist Viktor Blok, narrowly escaped being run down by a truck when cycling home with his son. Recent cases of interrogators threatening dissidents with 'car accidents' make it probable that these incidents were organised by the KGB.

In August, the original spokesman for the group, artist Sergei Batovrin, the son of a senior diplomat, was forcibly interned in a mental hospital for a month to prevent him meeting some foreign pacifists. A psychiatrist told me that the procedures imposed were illegal in several respects, including the method of internment and the impermissibly high drug dosage prescribed to him. He is now, compulsorily, an out-patient. His friends regard him as mentally normal.

During the past three years, most of the formal dissident groups in the Soviet Union have been ground down by a long, inexorable series of KGB arrests. This 'trust group' is living on borrowed time, just kept alive by concern and protests from the West. Its morale is sustained, I was told, by these protests, by its courageous internal supporters, and by personal letters and visits from sympathetic foreigners. □

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INDIA

Breadless circuses

Amiya Rao and Amrit Wilson on the Asian Games

AS THE FESTIVAL of India finally closes this week in London on even more lavish 'festival' prepares to open in Delhi. ASIAD – the 1982 Asian Games – is due to start on 19 November, Mrs Gandhi's birthday.

In a year when India accepted the largest loan in the history of the IMF, ASIAD (which is to last for two weeks) has cost the equivalent of an estimated £200 million. The preparations have left Delhi hardly recognisable. Historic buildings have been bulldozed, roads and parks dug up, six massive five star hotels constructed and the once romantic skyline ruined by seven flyovers.

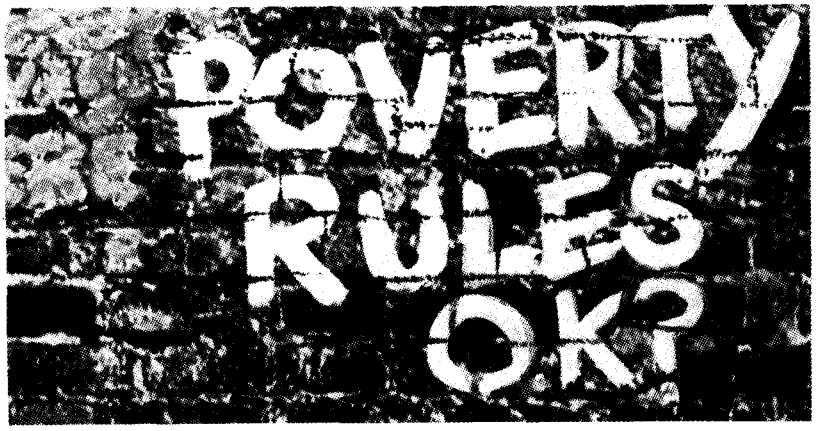
For the workers employed on these contracts, India's numerous labour laws might as well not have existed. They were recruited by contractors' agents employed by the Delhi Administration, the Delhi Development Authority and the Union Government. They have been treated virtually as 'bonded labourers'. Their many protest strikes and demonstrations had no effect. They were paid well below the legal minimum wage, prevented from joining unions, or even leaving their jobs.

On the ASIAD sites there were no basic child care or health facilities, and usually not even any drinking water. Child labour is strictly forbidden by Indian laws, but, as one municipal engineer candidly commented, children are employed 'when we fall short of hands or when the work has to be completed by a given date'. Workers told a Supreme Court inquiry into their working conditions that there had been one death and three or four major accidents every week caused by the feverish pace of the ASAID construction work, the lack of rest breaks and the fact that women and even children often had to work at night to finish jobs. When a worker died, the family would be forced by the contractor's agents to return to its home village, often hundreds of miles from Delhi.

But why had they come in such numbers to work under such terrible conditions? Their answers revealed the reality behind India's many democratic-sounding economic policies. They were landless peasants, aboriginal tribes *(adivasi)* driven from their homes by international timber corporations, or urban unemployed from the small towns. They had no choice. Lotru, a landless peasant from Samastipur, working on a palatial hotel, explained, for example, that he had no hope of ever getting any land. 'The government's Food for Work scheme has been scrapped. And as we have become unemployed, the oppression from rich farmers has increased. Now they have got us in their grip. So what else could we have done but come here?' At the Lodhi Road flyover, Parvat Singh, an artist from Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh, described how the government's much publicised scheme for loans to the self-employed, for which he had waited for years, had finally ruined his life. Forced to sell his small shop and most of his belongings to repay the loan and its high interest, he had become destitute.

By September the construction work was nearly over and most of the workers left Delhi for their villages. It was only then that the Supreme Court ruled on the failure of government contractors to observe labour laws at ASIAD. A writ petition had been filed in November 1981 by the People's Union of Democratic Rights, a Delhi-based civil liberties organisation. The judges, who had ordered an inquiry into working conditions in June, castigated the authorities, ordered them to observe the labour laws and to ensure that their contractors did so. In addition they extended the scope of the Indian Constitution to give labourers the Fundamental Right to 'live with basic human dignity' and to demand suitable conditions to protect this right.

A progressive judgment perhaps – but not one that will change the position of India's millions of construction workers, because there is still no way they can exercise the rights which the law so liberally promises them. □



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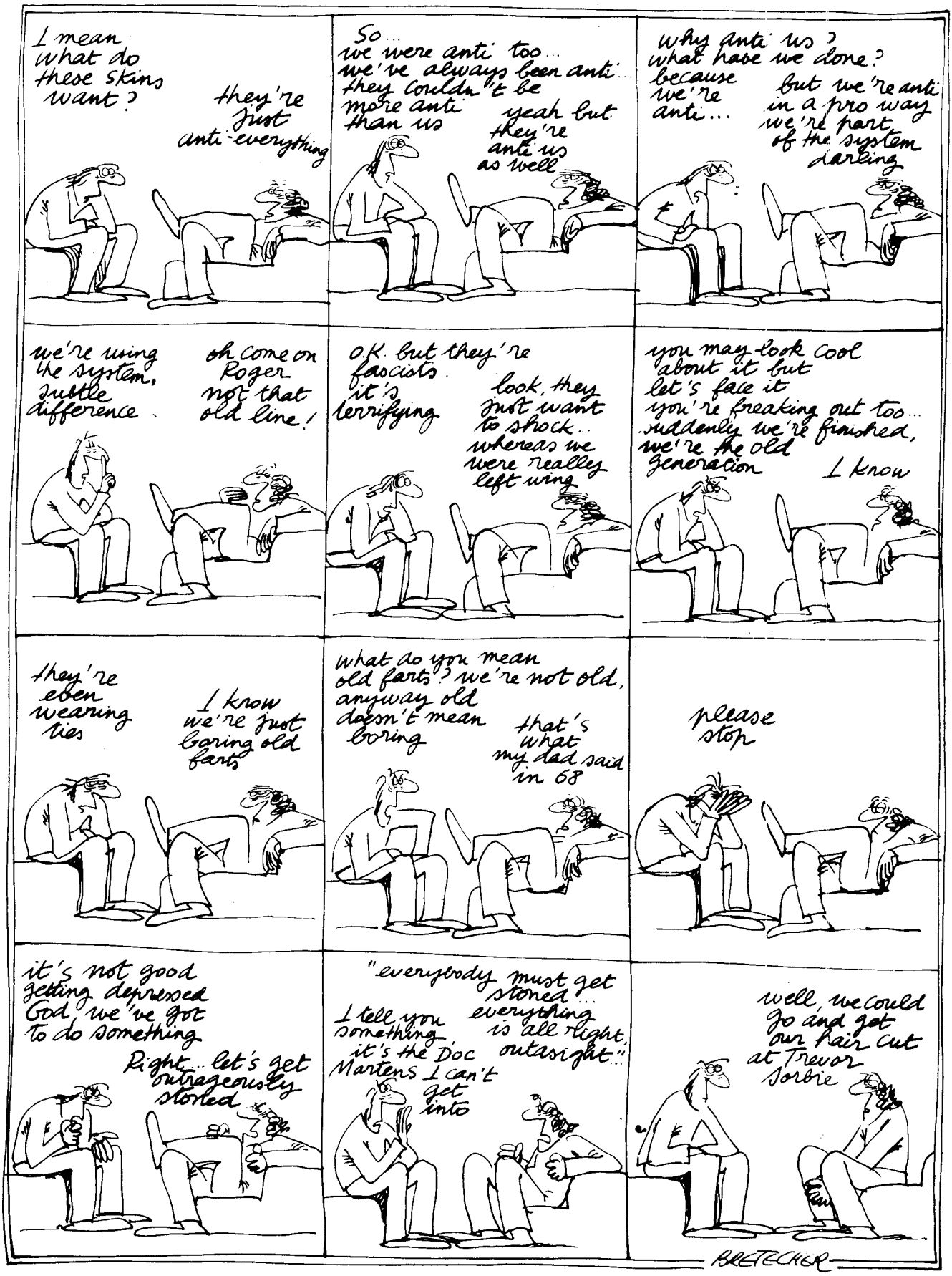
I mean what do these skins want?
they're just anti-everything
So... we were anti too... we've always been anti... they couldn't be more anti than us
yeah but they're anti us as well
why anti us? what have we done?
because we're anti...
but we're anti in a pro way we're part of the system darling
we're using the system, subtle difference.
oh come on Roger not that old line!
O.K. but they're fascists. it's terrifying
look, they just want to shock... whereas we were really left wing
you may look cool about it but let's face it you're freaking out too... suddenly we're finished, we're the old generation
I know
they're even wearing ties
I know we're just boring old farts
what do you mean old farts? we're not old, anyway old doesn't mean boring
that's what my dad said in 68
please stop
it's not good getting depressed God we've got to do something
Right... let's get outrageously stoned
"everybody must get stoned... everything is all right, outasight"
I tell you something it's the Doc Martens I can't get into
well, we could go and get our hair cut at Trevor Sorbie
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Split personality

Malcolm Dean, London SW9

Who were the two Frank Fields who reviewed the SDP anti-poverty programme last week (*NS* 12 Nov.)? The first declared in the first paragraph that it amounted to 'little more than an introduction of a new means-tested grant' and continued in that tenor to the last paragraph when we read: 'Socialists have important lessons to learn from the SDP's proposals. We now have a serious challenger for the poor's votes and, if it officially adopts this policy, the SDP will show that it is prepared to make quite major structural changes to the tax system so as to finance an anti-poverty programme.' Could the first be the Labour MP for Liverpool, Birkenhead and the second the former chairman of the Child Poverty Action Group?

Can I urge your readers to buy a copy of the policy pamphlet where they will find far more than just 'another means tested grant'. What Labour has to learn is that the old objections to the use of the most egalitarian mechanism in the social security world – means tests – disappear with computers. Yes, means tests did create stigma in the past. Yes, they did deter people from applying in the past. But once computers have been installed at Inland Revenue (expected in 1988/89), an integrated tax/benefit system can be introduced which will not require people to subject themselves to a means test: the benefits will be income-related but paid automatically to those eligible, thus achieving the means test goal ('from each according to his ability to each according to his need') without any of the problems of the past. The interim scheme set out in the paper is just that: an interim scheme which for the vast majority of claimants would reduce the present myriad of means tests to just one before even that was abolished.

Frank Mark One notes that we would 'bring even more families into tax by abolishing the married man's tax allowance'. What Frank Mark Two should have added but didn't is that the £3,300m gained from this reform will be given back with huge bonuses for poor families and even moderate gains for two and three-child families up to and above average earnings. A working man with dependent wife and two children on a £100-a-week will end up £17.10 better off than under the present system. With three children he will be £24.50 better off and there are similar benefits for single parents who want to work part-time.

One of the purposes of the scheme has been to redistribute income from single people and childless couples, who have done so much better out of the tax system in the last two decades compared to people with children. That is why we are reducing the married man's tax allowance to a single allowance – almost 50 per cent of them do not have dependent children. I always thought this was one of Frank's aims too. Certainly the Poverty Lobby is united in the need for its replacement.

An untrue allegation

Derek Wood, Chairman, Chislehurst Constituency Labour Party, St Mary Cray, Orpington, Kent

In his account of the current ascendancy of the Right in the Labour Party (*NS* 12 November) Patrick Wintour repeated the untrue allegation made in *Tribune* on 5 November that this CLP is seeking the expulsion from the Labour Party of *Tribune* journalist Nigel Williamson. The truth may give your readers some food for thought.

Just before this year's May borough elections the retiring leader of our Labour Group, Councillor Smith, a man in his late 70s and a member of this CLP, was induced by the local press to make some complimentary remarks about two councillors who had just defected to the SDP. The SDP used these comments in their election material, and the defectors were re-elected. Councillor Smith was strongly criticised by us for his foolishness.

This was not enough for Mr Williamson (a member of a neighbouring CLP) and his colleagues. They procured the expulsion of Councillor Smith from the Local Government Committee (an act of doubtful legality) and wrote to the NEC questioning his right to remain a member of the Party. I am sure they had a good reason for their desire to pursue and harass a popular local man who had been a Party member for 59 years; but they aroused considerable resentment among our members. At the time they were vocal in their opposition to purges, witch-hunts and expulsions. So are we.

Fences were not mended when journalist Williamson wrote his now notorious piece in *Tribune* attacking John Spellar, who also happens to be a member of this CLP. His remark that 'it will be very difficult to describe (a victory for Spellar) as a "Labour gain" ' was snapped up by the SDP and pushed through every letterbox in Northfield.

Our secretary wrote to Mr Williamson's CLP a letter containing these words (my emphasis): *'If we understand the agreed policy of your Party, it is that* to publicly attack a Labour candidate . . . is incompatible with continuing membership of the Labour Party.' How would they view the *Tribune* article, in the light of their treatment of Councillor Smith?

Before Mr Williamson's CLP had the chance to discuss the letter it was on the front page of *Tribune*, minus all the words italicised above, under the headline 'Move to expel *Tribune* journalist'. No self-respecting journalist reading the full text of our letter, could possibly think that we wanted Nigel Williamson expelled from the Labour Party. Nor do we. Nor, for that matter, are we particularly right-wing. Why a once-important Labour Party newspaper permits its journalists to write untrue stories about themselves (or each other) without making the slightest attempt to check the facts I cannot imagine. I'm sorry that Patrick Wintour got taken in.

Angry laughter

Donald Roy, London SW15

You observe correctly 'that the government even now is still attaching greater priority to reducing inflation than to increasing employment'. Unfortunately, they do not seem to be alone in this.

The direct implication of statements by the Alliance and hints from some Labour speakers is that any attempt to increase employment would be *conditional* in character. They would require an agreement/understanding on pay and prices in order to contain inflation as a precondition.

Such an attitude lags behind public opinion which sees unemployment as a much more serious issue than inflation. Contrary to claims among the political classes, it reduces significantly the credibility of alternatives presented.

Michael Foot has had the courage to imply that he would accept some increase in inflation as an unavoidable cost of a recovery strategy. Peter Shore has remained silent. Until he associates himself with the expressed view of his leader, the 'angry laughter' you call for will sound all too hollow.

Grinding away

Brian Pate, Wreningham, Norwich

I am surely not alone among those who read your magazine in thinking that it is past the time for you to reconsider the value, policy, and purpose of the Diary page you feature weekly.

There was a period when this item was often entertaining and, even when not, at least readable. Now one just wonders exactly what the tedious Mr Price will grind once his teeth and axe are both worn away. Perhaps his own nose, deep into the dust of partisanship and bigotry?

No fuss

Pat Arrowsmith, London N8

In view of all the fuss about Tariq Ali's efforts to join the Labour Party it may be relevant to point out that I, as well as he, stood in the last general election against a Labour candidate – James Callaghan. Despite this, and even though I had twice before stood against a Labour parliamentary candidate – the then Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart – I was accepted as a member of Hornsey Labour Party two years ago without any ado.

For the record

Mrs Josephine Yong, Foreign Recruitment, Administration Division, Ministry of Education, Singapore

The article 'Teachers may go to jail' (*NS* 10 September) contains a few factual errors and gives the wrong impression that the Government of Singapore is responsible for the predicament of the five British teachers. This letter serves to set the record straight.

The British teachers, while on exchange, come under the Singapore-UK Avoidance of Double Taxation Agreement. Article 10 of the Agreement provides that the teachers on exchange be taxed by their own government. Article 14, however, provides that the teachers be taxed at the place of work. The implementation of a specific article of the Agreement has to be agreed to by both governments. The UK Inland Revenue Department proposed on 5 May 1977, and the Singapore counterpart agreed, that the teachers on exchange be taxed under Article 14, that is, each teacher be taxed at the place of work. We are surprised to read that the teachers had been advised that they would not be subject to Singapore tax.

The Singapore Government is fully aware of the tax problems that may be faced by the teachers. Officers from the Singapore Income Tax Department and the Ministry of Education have been meeting the teachers and are in contact with the UK Inland Revenue Department as well as the League for the Exchange of Commonwealth Teachers. The League is considering a number of measures to help the teachers and the Government of Singapore has agreed to extend the normal 30-day period for payment.

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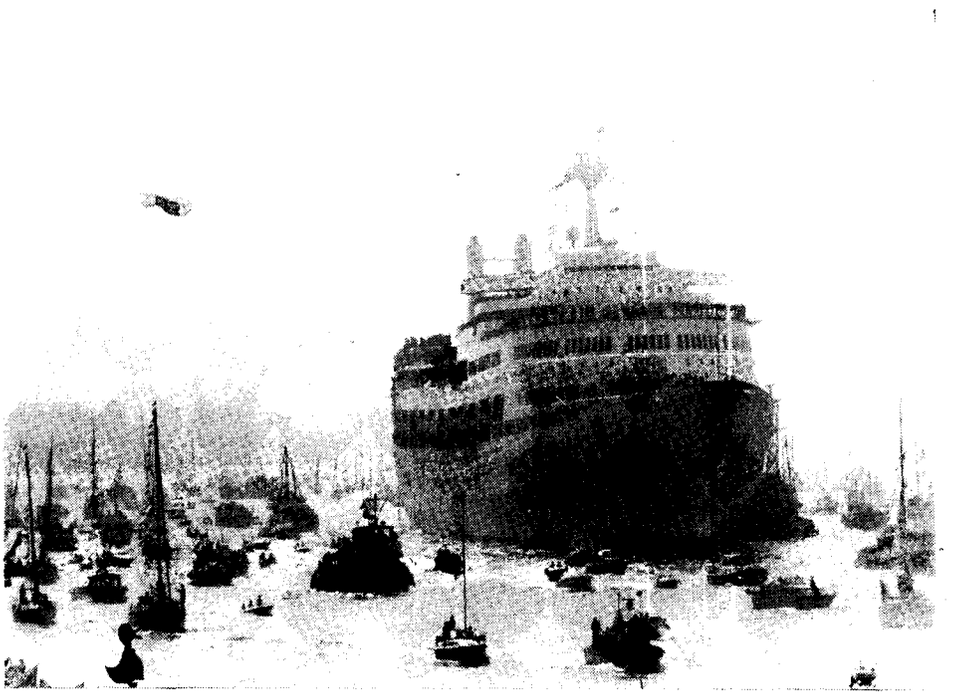
Anthony Barnett

Writing up the Falklands



THERE are some drugs which so intensify one's sensations that reality itself appears to be a hallucination. The Falklands War was one such intoxicant. But Margaret Thatcher acclaimed the vision it displayed. It showed, she said, that Britain 'has not changed', it is still the country that 'built an Empire and ruled a quarter of the globe'.

Quite so. One of the things that the Falklands conflict confirmed is the naturally hallucinated state of our Parliamentary leaders. The ones who are the most sincere, those who, like Thatcher, really mean what they say, are thus the most dangerously unfit for office. Of course, this makes what they say and do rather difficult to write about.

Even to try and report the war objectively seemed insane. Many tried to console themselves with the hope that it was all somehow an exception. This was not what Britain was *really* like (reality being a warm summer day with Wimbledon and no race riots). I am one of those who think that, on the contrary, the Falklands War was a sharp lesson in home truths. I do not state this fatalistically. It may have demonstrated that Powellism is now dominant politically. But it also showed, more than people realise, that it can be fought and might even be beaten. Nonetheless, in the persons of Thatcher and Foot especially, Powell's Parliamentary nationalism at present controls the House of Commons.

In Britain any discussion of the war should start from this point. The conflict over the Falklands was not about the islanders or their islands. It was for the soul of the United Kingdom, and the offices of State that go with it.

Yet even the accounts of the fighting with Argentina tend to suffer from their own related form of fantasy. Mediacrats (I take the term from Regis Debray) seek a quasi-religious function in the late modern world. Theirs is the way of revelation. Week after week the Sunday papers seek to give credibility to the following formula: THIS IS THE SCOOP OF YOUR LIFE. Death, violence, catastrophe, sex and money vie for pride of place. War encompasses them all. Its bravery and sacrifice provide riveting personal identification and an 'ultimate' test. Here, then, we can learn what our free press is really like.

The initial problem is a perennial. One needs to be first with the 'exclusive', which best of all should be 'live'. Yet as well as being instant and vivid it needs to be definitive – the media should bring you the 'truth'. The problem is obvious: the two things are contradictory. Of course true things can be said, and often need to be said, in the heat of the moment. But the whole or the 'real' truth can hardly be available on the spot or when 'it happens'. That could only be the case were history to be abolished. The fuss many media officials have made about the armed forces delaying and tampering with reports from the Falklands has therefore been little more than a red herring. The argument displaces attention on to the technical passage of information, whereas the media are really to blame for failing to retain an over-all sense of judgment during the war, when the basic facts were obvious enough.

WHAT IS easily the best account of the fighting, by the Insight team of the *Sunday Times*, achieves a relative degree of balance in its prose. Its presentation, however, glorifies the pseudo-claim to instant prescience. The comic-strip graphics, with whooshing planes and neatly drawn explosions, are closer to the pornography of sex-and-violence than to factual reporting. (And a genuinely revealing sketch of the war cabinet in session which the paper carried is omitted from the volume.) The book is flagged on its jacket as 'The Full Story'. At least it is not written in the bragging and unprofessional tone that such a claim implies. Rather it is serious and well-researched, if politically far too over-cautious.

Perhaps the latter factor determined some of the omissions: no mention of nuclear weapons or of Chile's role; no emphatic pinpointing of Thatcher's crucial decision to send a task force, taken prior to the Parliamentary debate. The account of the sinking of the *Belgrano* is evidently incomplete. But of course much remains secret. In

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The Falklands War
PAUL EDDY, MAGNUS LINKLATER and PETER GILLMAN with the SUNDAY TIMES INSIGHT TEAM *Deutsch* £8.95 & *Sphere* £2.50

The Falklands Conflict
CHRISTOPHER DOBSON, JOHN MILLER and RONALD PAYNE *Coronet* £1.50

The Battle for the Falklands
MAX HASTINGS and SIMON JENKINS *Michael Joseph* (forthcoming)

The Winter War
PATRICK BISHOP and JOHN WITHEROW *Quartet* £2.95

A Message from the Falklands
compiled by HUGH TINKER *Junction Books* £3.50

The Falklands/Malvinas: Whose Crisis?
The Latin American Bureau £1.95

'I Counted Them All Out and I Counted Them All Back: The Battle for the Falklands'
BRIAN HANRAHAN and ROBERT FOX *BBC* £1.95

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a way it is an index of the accomplishment of the Insight account that such points can be made about it. Anyone who wants a clear narrative account of the fighting (as opposed to the politics) of the war should turn to it. In particular, although it has little about life in the Falklands, the inclusion of Isabel Hilton's material from Argentina allows a real sense of two societies in conflict.

But the general point remains. The media are incapable of being objective about themselves, even though 'An Initial Account' would have been a much stronger, because more plausible, presentation than 'The Full Story'. The tendency was reduced to absurdity by the little reviewed but much sold book by the 'top investigative team' (sic) of Dobson, Miller and Payne. Theirs too is described as the 'full story' although it was finished before even the re-capture of Port Stanley. Indeed Hodder and Stoughton advertised it as 'The First and Best Book about the Falklands'. Needless to say it is pretty much the pits.

Although he was acclaimed as 'the First Man into Stanley', Max Hastings has taken his time to complete the volume he is writing with Simon Jenkins. However the *Observer* has serialised excerpts, which the paper says are probably 'definitive' and 'the true story'. For example, we are told that the decisive factor in the establishment of the San Carlos bridgehead was the role played by the Harriers. Alas, writers cannot win a Queen's Award for Exports . . . the crucial factor at San Carlos was, surely, that the initial landings were not opposed on the ground.

About this the Insight account, for example, says two interesting things. The British landings were even then tremendously chaotic and far too slow. Second, that the Argentinian garrison commander – the notorious torturer Menendez – was sent an accurate briefing of British potential in early April. His country's intelligence services reckoned San Carlos to be the second most likely place for a landing: yet it was not mined or fortified, and was left virtually undefended.

Personally I enjoy reading Max Hastings, but then I am not weighed down by the awesome belief that his prose is definitive. Certainly, I prefer the gung-ho hackery of Max to the pretensions of the *Observer*'s own correspondent Patrick Bishop, who along with John Witherow – the man from *The Times* – has rushed out a curious book: a personal account by two separate hands.

Together they seek to be all things to all readers. They have some good anti-war anecdotes to tell, there are some vivid descriptions of bravery, an account of the maturing of Prince Andrew (for real!), but how short are their memories. They write, 'There was no escaping the realization that by sinking the *Belgrano* outside our own 200 miles zone we had made the rules and broken them.' Alas, it seems all too easy to escape such a realization, for example by turning back a few pages to the studiously careful joint introduction. There we are told, 'It was a clean war, both sides abided by the rules . . .' Similarly, the introduction tells the readers to take 'pride' in Britain's having done battle all by itself. The authors specifically dismiss Argentinian claims that US aid was crucial. Meanwhile, on page 64 we are let in upon a secret: at Ascension Island some days *prior* to Washington's official abandonment of neutrality, US ships and planes were fuelling and supplying the Task Force.

So there are some useful items of information in *The Winter War*. But just as its title is derivative so its contents seem opportunist. The war experience, they tell us, was 'profound' but not 'particularly revealing'. It was 'hellish' but everyone slept well – a shallow profundity indeed. Finally, in the last lines of the book, the authors achieve an apotheosis for which they should ever be remembered: 'No war is to be wished for, but if they have to be fought, this was a better one than most.'

THIS is what liberalism has come to. Centuries of a maturing reasonableness and a sense of fair-play have finally produced the 'balanced' English view of wars, one so utterly pragmatic that it is totally without ethics.

But this at least gives the conclusion of Bishop and Witherow an authentic place in the history of the Falklands War, which will come to be seen as a major crisis of patrician liberalism and the English civilising mission. A great deal of what Britain 'stood for' was lost in the South Atlantic and a passionate cry of anger, rather than compliance, has given this expression. To be sure it is broken and incomplete. But *A Message from the Falklands* stands as a raw document of the crisis here at home. The book has been put together by Professor Hugh Tinker. It consists of the juvenile poems and then the letters of his son, David Tinker, a naval lieutenant of 25 killed by an Exocet on *HMS Glamorgan* two days before the end of the war.

In one way the book is an attempt by the father to make sense of the death of his son. Yet it is also an effort by an outstanding liberal scholar of the world that was once Britain's to give some meaning to the collapse of his universe. To have a son killed by accident in a war you feel to be just makes sense in the larger order of things. But in a letter to his wife David describes the Falklands conflict as 'barbaric and totally unnecessary'. He was then destroyed by a French-built missile.

Over-all it has to be said that *A Message from the Falklands* is a literary failure, even though that too is part of its significance. Hugh Tinker has packed it with his son's letters, which have no cumulative biographical effect ('I have lost the gist of the last page: it got very boring anyway', 'I was very sorry to hear about Hugh's flu and bang on the head into the bargain'). What are powerful are the adolescent poems and the last letters, written ten years later from the Task Force. In 1970, aged 13, David wrote a poem with the lines 'Can God's power override/ The Devil with a gun?' Four years later he declares that he will be 'disillusioned with the past so that the future will not fail me'. Despite his gifts the boy became obsessed with the Union Jack and toy soldiers and enlisted. He fell passionately in love with Christine who, after they married, joined the Women's Royal Army Corps, to give herself more time for sport. It is clear from David's letters that Christine also regarded the war as an outrage and thus encouraged his surging, final epistles.

There is a straightforwardness and enthusiasm to David's letters. In an early one, after his ship was ordered to the South Atlantic, he relates to Christine his many relatives and forbears who have seen action in the British forces, from the Sudan and France to Archangel, the Western Desert and his father in Burma. 'I shall be happy if we call it a day after this one,' he concludes, about his family rather than his country. Perhaps his father, too, is aware of a break in tradition. Professor Hugh Tinker played a major role in the downfall in 1972 of the Institute of Race Relations as a bastion of the white liberal establishment. It was an outcome he sought to prevent. At home young David was sceptical of his father's role. The father relates that David said to him:

> 'James Baldwin asserts that no black man will ever get a fair trial from a white jury. Is that right?' I replied, 'Well, what is important is that black people *think* they can never get a fair trial.' David observed, 'That is not a straight answer.'

Exactly. It is David Tinker's straightness, not his poetic imagination, which is welcome. It is not difficult to imagine what he would say about that concluding thought of Bishop and Witherow. His excitement at taking risks is quite uninhibited. The young Tinker enjoyed action and was willing to die, but only for a real cause. To defend his country was one thing, to make the supreme sacrifice for the Falklands and Thatcher's electoral prospects quite another. The very triviality of the Falklands war, which makes it one to be so much preferred by B & W, makes it all the more despicable and gratuitous for Tinker, son and father.

ANOTHER book which sets out to condemn the conflict is the background report by the Latin American Bureau. It is an admirable effort by what should perhaps be termed 'the poor left', and shows how far a serious commitment and hard work can outstrip the highly funded sensationalism of the big companies. It ends with a brief discussion of the press by Patricia Holland, who stresses the coherent framework through which the media represent the world to their consumers.

Which brings us to the last book, really a collage of radio reports, interviews and articles, put out by the BBC. Brian Hanrahan's phrase about Harriers, 'I counted them all out and I counted them all back', is given as the title because, we are told, it symbolises 'the plain truth' of British broadcasting. It is easy to quibble with Hanrahan, one of whose reports annoyed Lt. Tinker for having 'grandiosed everything out of all proportion', but I would not envy him his task. Reading these accounts one is struck by his judgment rather than distortion. In his summing up he states that having talked with Argentinian prisoners he is convinced that

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they believe the islands are theirs. Therefore, a 'long-term solution has got to be found', meaning one that is negotiated. It is an obvious thing to say, perhaps. The Insight team concludes on exactly this note, which of course makes nonsense of the whole Thatcherite exercise. It may have escaped Bishop and Witherow, but Tinker on the Glamorgan was also emphatic:

> Apart from the military fiasco [a reference to the loss of ships] the political side is even more disgraceful. Even if Britain does reconquer the Falklands we still have to talk to the Argentinians and come to some arrangement . . . . I read that Argentina was prepared to accept a deal which involved Argentinian sovereignty and British administration and way of life. Those, to me, sound fair terms to avoid bloodshed.

Thus servicemen on both sides saw the need for a settlement. Yet Robert Fox, the other BBC reporter, somehow managed to miss this despite his ability to talk to prisoners (he was used to help as an interpreter at Goose Green). All they managed to say to him, it seems, were lavish words of praise for the British treatment of PoWs. Far from endorsing the need for a settlement, Fox appears to underline the need for Britain to retain unlimited military options. He praises the land commanders in a way that would have made Brezhnev mumble with envy. For these efforts on behalf of objectivity, Fox was proposed by the Army for an MBE which he has accepted. Thus 'The plain truth' becomes a Member of the Order of the British Empire. For how long will Britain remain the same? □

Anthony Barnett's own book, *Iron Britannia: Why Parliament Waged Its Falklands War*, is due out next week from Allison & Busby at £6.95 and £2.95.

MURDER
William Boyd

Prosecution case

White Mischief
JAMES FOX *Cape* £8.95

In 1941 a murder case drove the news of the war from the front pages of British newspapers. The crime was committed in Nairobi, Kenya. The victim was Josslyn Hay, the Earl of Errol. The alleged murderer was Sir 'Jock' Delves Broughton. The motive, the prosecution claimed, was jealousy: Errol had been having a passionate affair with Broughton's beautiful young wife, Diana.

These are the broad outlines of one of the most intriguing and fascinating cases of this century. Its ingredients are almost too rich, too classically apt to be credible. It draws in and illuminates certain quintessential British pre-occupations – aristocracy, colonialism, privilege – as well as certain quintessential human ones – love, betrayal, jealousy and revenge. As an added twist to the tale we can add injustice: the guilty man was acquitted.

It all began and ended in a remarkably short span of time. Delves Broughton arrived in Kenya in mid-November 1940 with his young wife Diana. Broughton was 57, Diana 27. They had just been married in South Africa and had come to Kenya to escape the rigours of blitz-damaged Britain. In Kenya the war had made few inroads into the social lives of the aristocratic settlers and remittance men who lived in and around Nairobi. Indeed there is little that the most decadent socialite of contemporary Manhattan could have taught the denizens of 'Happy Valley' when it came to having a good time.

It was this small and select community that Broughton and Diana joined. Almost immediately she began to have an affair with Joss Errol, a handsome though somewhat debauched figure with already a considerable reputation as a womaniser. What is remarkable is the extent to which it soon became public knowledge. Broughton, too, was soon fully in the know, yet he continued to see Errol socially; indeed they were so friendly (Broughton, the cuckold, often dined with his wife and the adulterer) that it was generally assumed he had resigned all claims on Diana and had tacitly given his blessing to the liaison. By now, however, Diana was planning to leave Broughton for her lover.

And then in the very early morning of 24 January Errol's car was found nose down in a gravel pit not far from the Broughton's house. The headlights were still on and, hunched in a curious foetal position beneath the dashboard, was the body of Joss Errol with a bullet in his head. After some short delays Delves Broughton was charged with the murder and the trial ensued.

But was Broughton guilty? Fox has organised the book in two distinct parts. Part one presents the facts of the murder and the social backgrounds of the major characters. Part two details the more recent attempts to come up with a conclusive answer to the various puzzles and problems still associated with the case. These researches were initiated by Cyril Connolly, who was obsessed with the Errol murder, and arose in connection with an article which Connolly wrote with Fox for the *Sunday Times* magazine. Part two makes as fascinating reading as part one with Connolly and Fox – a somewhat unlikely pair of sleuths – digging up the past, tapping reluctant memories and seeking out long forgotten crucial witnesses. After Connolly's death Fox continued to investigate alone.

The evidence they uncover seems to me to be conclusive. Broughton murdered Joss Errol and got away with it more by luck than judgment, and with the help of a clever defence lawyer. Just how he did it remains a matter for conjecture which goes a long way towards explaining the abiding fascination of the case. But not all the way. What makes the Errol murder so different is the extraordinary characters that are associated with it and the bizarre lives they led in Kenya: the eccentric settlers and shady aristos, the neurotic wives and sad drunks, the *morphineuses* and lounge-lizards. The cast and the setting are unique. It's a measure of James Fox's remarkable achievement that in *White Mischief* he not only produces an impeccably researched and lucidly written 'last word' on this notorious case but also brings these astonishing people and their perplexed and tormented lives so vividly and compellingly to life. □

Matthew Sweeney

Two sisters

One says there is nothing beyond the sea
and behind the hills are imagined countries.
She stands in the yard, stooped like a tree
that the wind has pummelled these fifty years.
A strand of hair covers her beak face.
She thinks how the farm is eroded
from full byres of cattle to a lease
of all the fields, enforced by infirmity.

On these, her rare steps outdoors,
she recalls the taste of spring-water,
the morning hunts for new eggs in straw,
the potato-diggings, the bringing of cans of tea.
Indoors, shoving turf in an iron range,
her sister keeps her English accent.
Years ago she shut the door on the city.
Her eyes are dim, the terraced houses fading.

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FICTION – 1
Lewis Jones

Hatching out

The Four Wise Men
MICHEL TOURNIER *Collins* £8.95

'Legends live on our substance. They derive their truth from the complicity of our hearts. If we cannot recognize our own story in them, they are dead wood and dry straw.' So speaks Gaspar, a king from black Africa, on visiting the tombs 'of Adam and Eve, of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Leah, and Jacob – biblical family vault, as it were, lacking only the ashes of Yahweh himself to make it complete'. He speaks 'lightly and irreverently of these venerable things' because they seem remote from his present concern, which is unrequited love. But Gaspar is one of the Magi. And he is himself, for the most part at least, a creature of legend.

Gaspar used to be happy as a king, until 'a comet with golden hair' appeared and made him question his negritude. Soon after, he conceives a passion for a blond slave girl. But she vomits when he makes love to her and he learns that she loves another. Though he cannot 'recognize' his 'own story' in the Old Testament, he finds reflections of it elsewhere: in the story of Memnon, for example, or in the explanation offered by a sage for a strange flute music heard at dawn: 'It is Satan weeping as he beholds the beauty of the world . . .' The 'blond-haired star' appears again, and Gaspar resolves to follow it. So it is that he comes to Hebron and here meets the caravan of a second king, Balthasar of Nippur.

Balthasar is a lover of art; but his love, too, is unrequited. As a child, heir to a materialist and philistine dynasty, he found delight in butterflies – 'messengers from another world, incarnated pure beauty, weightless and without market value'. He sought their quality in art, but failed. His religion, moreover, with its jealous God, condemned his quest. The clergy have caused the Balthasarium, his palace of art, to be destroyed by the mob. His spirit is broken. Then he sees the star, 'a butterfly angel', and resolves to follow it.

Gaspar and Balthasar meet a third king, Melchior, who has lost his kingdom and is wandering as a beggar. Together they arrive at the court of Herod, king of the Jews, who tells them of his life in 'the royal trade, with its grandeur and filth'. He enlists their aid, and they journey to Bethlehem as his plenipotentiaries.

The Nativity is narrated, in the simplest manner, by the Ass, who tells us that Joseph and his family left the stable before the arrival of the kings.

This first part of the book is essentially an argument about the possibility of Christian art. It is lively, poetic and funny, but it is too abstract to attain the incarnate, legendary quality it extols. And the power which sustains it is apparently withdrawn by the testimony of the Ass. To borrow his own metaphor, Michel Tournier weaves for himself a cocoon, comprising theology and cunning French critical theory, and appears to die within it. But in the second half of the book the industrious grub breaks out of its chrysalis and takes brilliant flight. The bare bones of the novel are brought miraculously to life.

This part concerns a fourth, entirely legendary king, Taor of Mangalore. Taor is a silly, spoilt boy, whose sole interest is in sweets. His mother is happy to rule his kingdom for him and indulges his passion, encouraging him when he expresses the wish to travel in search of new recipes. On his travels he meets the first three kings, their problems resolved. He visits Bethlehem, where he holds a feast of sweets for the children on the day of the Massacre of the Innocents. The coincidence of feast and sacrifice impresses him deeply and matures his character. Freeing his followers from his service, he sacrifices himself, for the comfort of others, to half a lifetime's work in the salt mines of Sodom. Released, half dead from his labour, he staggers to Jerusalem and is the first to partake of the Eucharist. Though it may sound, in summary, to be merely an existentialist hagiography, *The Four Wise Men* struck me as a true masterpiece. □

FICTION – 2
Bill Greenwell

Grin's tales

The End of the World News
ANTHONY BURGESS *Hutchinson* £8.95

Applause, as Russell Harty remarked at the Booker beano. Here, once more, is the Cheshire Cat of letters, whose capacious grin we'd better catch before it vanishes again. He pops up elusively – here a novel, there a symphony, now advising on primitive lingo for the film *Quest for Fire* . . . And now turning out not only *The End of the World News*, but the blurb into the bargain.

Inspiration was a snap of Jimmy Carter and family goggling at three simultaneous TV screens. The spoof editor, 'John B. Wilson', credits the allegedly dead Burgess with the thought: 'Is this also possible future for novel?' Not likely: but an all-licensed Burgess will have a crack. Interlinked are the libretto of a musical about Trotsky, agonising in New York in 1917; a disaster novel in which a gigantic Thing From Outer Space prepares to pulverise Earth, while a hundred scientists – the new master race – are groomed for star-trek; and a painfully funny portrait of Freud, feuding with acolytes and falling victim to his own Oedipus complex and cancer of the jaw.

In fact, we are not shown three screens (recalcitrant publishers?) but are button-punched from channel to channel. We're bounced from comic pandemonium as the rocket *America* is loaded with its newspeak crew, to a revolutionary chorus-line serenading Trotsky with lines like 'Just throw away your syntax/And strew the floor with tintacks', to the sexual symbolism of Swiss cuckoo-clocks and Jung persuading James Joyce to word-associate in a Zurich library.

Such button-punching obscures occasional lapses, as we're adjusted from programme to programme, and Channel Trotsky is sufficiently unsuccessful to force one to switch it off. But I was glued to the wacky world of Sigmund, and monstrously – there is no other adverb for Burgess – amused and bemused. You have to admire his nerve, even when the verve falters. The book is, as claimed, an 'entertainment' behind which Burgess roars down curses on the in-for-a-penny dreadfuls, the frauds and Freuds, as he sees them, of 20th-century thought. He paints himself into the Space Fiction as the word-wheeling Willet, a magnificent drunk howling down the madness:

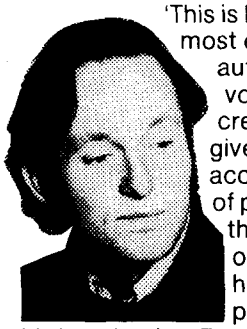
> . . . balls to a universe that can afford to waste a Keats or a Shakespeare or a Charles Ives or a Vaughan Williams. Balls, balls, balls.

Here is Mr Burgess then, with his cap and balls. His 'editor' mentions another posthumous fragment – the libretto of a mock-Puccinian operatic tragedy, with a Wild West setting: *The Hamlet of Roaring Gulch*. Ready when you are, squire. □

Poetry Book Society Christmas Choice

The Hunt by Night

Derek Mahon



'This is Derek Mahon's most exuberant and authoritative single volume to date. Some creative tremor has given him deepening access to his sources of power; it is as if the very modernity of his intelligence has goaded a primitive stamina in his imagination. There is a copiousness and excitement about these poems that is to be found only in work of the highest order.' *Seamus Heaney* £4

Oxford University Press

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Unemployment in France, the Federal Republic of Germany and the Netherlands: A survey of trends, causes and policy options, *by W. van Ginneken in collaboration with M. Garzuel.*

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This comprehensive survey is based on the structure, operation and problems of the system of workers' management which now permeates all aspects of Yugoslav life. It is particularly based on a law of 1976 and on workers' management bodies and their members, a number of case studies to illustrate the working of the system in undertakings of various kinds, and particulars of the role of socio-political organisations and other organs outside the undertaking. A special effort has been made to present the information in terms that will be readily understood by English-speaking readers.
ISBN 92-2-103034-2 (hard cover) £10.00

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A Woman's Work is Never Done: A History of Housework in the British Isles 1650-1950

CAROLINE DAVIDSON *Chatto* £15

'Just imagine what a new life would be on this earth . . .' wrote Mrs Havelock Ellis in 1894, extolling her plan to transfer the burdens of individual housewives to municipal laundries, bakehouses, nurseries and restaurants, staffed by civil servants. Almost a century later, this prospect of organised deliverance seems as remote as ever; indeed more so, now that established forms of collective care have come under attack. 'Running the home', servicing its occupants, remains an onerous female duty, privately performed. Any extension of public responsibility for domestic welfare is generally as unthinkable to us as the provision of plumbing, gas and electricity must appear to the Third World's millions.

Much of this fascinating study deals with the toil of our foremothers to obtain the means of heating, lighting, washing and cooking which have since been furnished from a centralised source. They used whatever was to hand: rushes for candles, dung for the fire, straw for the bedding, sand for scouring pots, urine for soaking linen in the absence of soda or soap. Local conditions and naturally occurring supplies determined the scope of home economics among Irish peasants, Scottish crofters, Cornish tin-miners, Midland artisans and London labourers. For evidence of how they managed, we depend on the records of outsiders: housework attracts attention only when it is unfamiliar.

It is the nature of housework, multifarious and fluctuating, to defy definition and elude analysis. Caroline Davidson tackles three centuries of chores with cheerful pragmatism, stocking up with drawings and demonstrable facts. Appliances are her speciality: pumps, stoves, mops and mangles evolve before our eyes.

Outlining the effects of industrialisation, she concludes that women have been tied to the kitchen sink by the consistently low level of their earning power elsewhere. At war with dirt, they feel both pride and despair. But the author's exploration of attitudes and motives inspires less confidence than her illustration of techniques. The oft-lamented Servant Problem evokes in her a keen sympathy for the employing class, and she notes a welcome consequence of the Depression: by driving girls into service during the Thirties, it gave hard-pressed mistresses 'a brief respite'.

Marion Glastonbury

From the Headlands

RONALD BLYTHE *Chatto* £9.50

Ronald Blythe wrote *Akenfield*, and much of this book is also about rural society although it is in fact a collection of essays, mostly on literary themes. The brilliant opening essay, 'An Inherited Perspective', itself opens with a quotation – 'Any landscape is a condition of the spirit' – and this proves to be Mr Blythe's subtlest and most persistent theme. He describes how John Clare became deranged when he moved even three miles from his native Helpston, for, though Helpston itself lies in the dreariest part of the Fens, it was an integral part of Clare's psyche. Benjamin Britten too was uneasy when he moved a short distance from Aldeburgh to a different part of Suffolk. Suffolk in fact is Ronald Blythe's own landscape (he was born there and still lives there), the landscape not only of Britten but of Crabbe, Galsworthy and Constable, of the Sutton Hoo burial ship and of NATO aerodromes. He writes better on the influence of landscape than on landscape itself however; there his style smacks of the geography or the geology lesson.

Literature is not analysed or judged in these essays but, like landscape, seen as part of experience and related to experience: the essay on Tolstoy's attitude to death, for instance, was written while the author was nursing a dying friend. Still he has a fine nose for the telling detail that shows a well-known figure in an unfamiliar light: Dr Johnson's almost maudlin affection for his blowsy, and dead, wife Tetty; Kilvert's father's unsavoury reputation as a flogging schoolmaster; Hazlitt's loyalty to Napoleon long after Wordsworth and Beethoven had abandoned him (when he heard of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo he went on a monumental drunk). Not all the pieces are of equal quality: there's a petulant account of Marie Stopes visiting Suffolk and Mr Blythe is better at re-examining the familiar than at resurrecting the forgotten. The essays on Henry George, the American socialist, and Thomas Davidson, the Utopian, contain a mass of telling detail, but I never really grasped their actual beliefs, or why they were worth writing about. Still, just as Ronald Blythe illustrates the changing face of village life and the land, so his book altered my own mental landscape.

John Scotney

Nisa

MARJORIE SHOSTAK *Allen Lane* £12.95

For all the skill and imagination that went into making this book, there was an equal, if not greater, amount of serendipity. An anthropologist could work all her life and never come within a million miles of an interviewee like Nisa.

Marjorie Shostak was on a field stay in the Kalahari desert – studying the life and experience of women of the 'hunting and gathering' !Kung San – when Nisa came wandering into her camp to ask for tobacco, and to talk. Shostak had already interviewed scores of women, but Nisa's narrative genius, her lack of coyness, her powers of recall, were so extraordinary that she and Shostak filled almost 30 hours' worth of tape.

From the resultant transcripts, Shostak has shaped her book – less a dry, scientific study than a rollicking, picaresque adventure; with Nisa, its unrepentant hero, stealing food from the family food-pouch; cursing 'death to your genitals'; taking lovers; giving birth; suffering the death of her children . . . The story is not all comedy; but the hunger, violence and premature death that form its bitter undertaste are sweetened by Nisa's sometimes vicious, sometimes joyful wit, and by the charm of her egocentric, forthright, courageous character.

Neither she, nor Shostak, in the contextual passages, romanticises !Kung culture. Its sexual openness (including respect for women's physical desire) and its non-hierarchical social structures are weighed against the hardships; the concomitant material pettiness; the acceptance, especially by women, of pain. Throughout the book, Shostak takes care to remind us that Nisa's account is personal, partial and shaped by the interview. Unless, however, you believe that statistics have more reality than stories (or that personal experience is irrelevant when considering 'primitive' women's lives) this is an invaluable piece of research – not only into an alien culture, but into those things that are common to women's experience, perceptions and psychology.

Harriett Gilbert

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ROCK MUSIC

Mary Harron

No one's fault

JOHN WALTERS of Radio One once said of a Bruce Springsteen concert, 'We expected God, and they sent us Billy Graham.' So many desperate claims have been made for Springsteen that it has become impossible to enjoy him for what he is. His legend as the last great rock and roll hero was drawn up by the time he finished his second album. By now he has been canonised, and when his fans speak of 'Bruce' the name ripples with the kind of reverence normally reserved for the dead.

Anyone who becomes a star does so because they fulfill a need, and Springsteen was needed to prop up faith in rock and roll. In Britain that faith was dropped after punk, and replaced by the present fragmentation into glittery, cynical pop style. American music is still working off an unbroken tradition, dating back to the Fifties, and it is lapel-tuggingly sincere. Americans still believe in rock and roll, but that belief has become increasingly hysterical the more rock's original purpose and inspiration can be seen to be draining away.

For the American critics Springsteen was a godsend. He arrived in the mid-Seventies when rock had become a dull, fat, corporate beast and the critics had lost their function. Groups like Foreigner and Journey didn't need theories, they needed market research – and their fans didn't read reviews. In Springsteen the critics found a performer who combined gut-level rock and roll (and an authentic blue-collar background) with a literary approach that welcomed analysis. Springsteen fans study his lyrics devotedly.

Springsteen had a remarkable gift for making a synthesis of every past era of rock and roll. His songs were a mosaic of classic reference points to cars and girls and juke-boxes and cutting loose, and they swirled roots rock and roll together with surf music, Stax soul and Detroit r&b into an epic, big-band sound that was musicianly yet still had a raw garage-band feel.

One reason critics became infatuated with Springsteen was that he was as concerned with rock history as they were. And in Bruce they found a rock 'primitive' who wouldn't, like Jerry Lee Lewis, start threatening them with a broken bottle. Instead, he welcomed their advice. Jon Landau of *Rolling Stone* became his producer and manager, Dave Marsh of *Rolling Stone* his biographer.

The friendship of rock critics was a very mixed blessing. It is not healthy for any performer to be surrounded by people who are eager to explain what he is doing, why it is significant and what his cultural place is. And Springsteen's supporters have also supported his greatest weaknesses: macho romanticism, an attitude to women that is both mawkish and patronising, and a sentimental view of street life that at times puts him close to Billy Joel.

This romanticism is drenched in Steinbeck, Hemingway, Mailer, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler and a thousand Hollywood movies. The rock version of this myth centres on a place called 'the street' where men and women lead wonderfully dangerous, visceral lives. The hero is a small-time crook, usually called Johnny, to whom crime means freedom from the system and whose life is touched with existential despair. There is a girl – often Puerto Rican, usually a prostitute, always golden-hearted. She loves Johnny in that devoted but uncomprehending way a woman loves a

man, and he will not let her go with him to that final shoot-out across the bridge.

This scenario comes from Springsteen's song 'Incident on Fifty-Seventh Street', but it is familiar to anyone who watches the late-night movie. I doubt whether real-life pimps and hustlers are conscious of the rich poetry of their existence that you find in a Bruce Springsteen song. His version is a fairy-tale, and perfectly harmless as long as it is acknowledged as such. You don't read Damon Runyon to find out the truth about gangsters, and you don't listen to Springsteen to learn what it means to live on the street.

Except that Springsteen is taken seriously; his romances are used as a way to experience vicariously what it is to be poor and down and out on the run. And because his images are so familiar – from the movies and television – the experience he offers is a comforting, easily assimilated one.

Springsteen takes a romantic view of the underworld because he has never been a criminal. But even when writing close to his own working-class New Jersey background he often falls back on a pool of screen images – *Mean Streets, The Deer Hunter* – and his most moving songs constantly threaten to turn into heart-warming TV dramas.

I don't think this is a weakness unique to Bruce Springsteen. In an age where everyone can see some aspect of their lives on the screen, we all like to turn our experience into touching screenplays. But the sentimentality in Springsteen is also a product of the tension in his position as a rock star, which takes him farther and farther away from his background at the same time as he is celebrated as a spokesman for the blue collar class.

THE EASIEST way to determine where Springsteen's public image stands is to look at his most successful imitator, John Cougar. It has taken John Cougar ten years and several changes of image, before he settled on the winning formula in Springsteen. Five years ago he was selling himself as a small-town American punk, and his publicity focussed on how bored and alienated he was, how he spent his time playing pool and offending the locals.

Always happy to adapt his biography to the needs of the time, Cougar's latest press release tells us: 'By seventeen he was married; at nineteen he was a father, pouring concrete for a living and then working as a linesman for the telephone company.' The emphasis has shifted from James Dean to hard work and blue collar *roots*.

Cougar is shameless and it pains me to admit how much I like his album *American Fool* (Riva Records RVLP 16). A song like 'Jack and Diane' is basically a computer read-out of Springsteen references: the American heartland, sex in cars, brand-names like Tastee-Freeze, working-class marriage as the end of freedom, the lesson that 'life goes on, long after the thrill of living is gone'.

Where Springsteen's sympathy for his characters is touching, Cougar's is formulaic. Where Cougar has won out is by sidestepping Springsteen's tendency to musical bathos, stealing his imagery and turning it into a sharp rock and roll package that is perfect for radio play. John Cougar is as enjoyable as Neil Sedaka, and, unlike with Springsteen, you don't have to worry about authenticity – he's phoney all the way through.

SPRINGSTEEN tries more, fails more, wears his heart on his sleeve. He has a notion of social responsibility, both to his own background and to his fans, that would have been quite alien to the first rock and roll stars, who were hell-bent on creating their own legends. Elvis and Jerry Lee and Little Richard dressed baroque, in a fantasy of wealth. Springsteen dresses down in work shirts, worn denims, heavy boots. For an immensely successful rock star to dress like a manual worker is a fantasy in itself and what this one reveals is the need to stay loyal to his background, to keep in touch.

Unlike the first rock and rollers, Springsteen is not a Dionysian figure. He

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celebrates sex, but is not sexy. He is decent, hard-working, responsible, desciplined. He is the liberal dream of the rock and roller. But if Springsteen is not touched by the same fire as the great originals, he has qualities that their egocentricity could not cover: in particular his ability to feel his way into other people's lives.

The River was Springsteen's most excessive album and in reaction to this, and no doubt to the burden of his role as the new Messiah, his next move was to hole up in New Jersey with a four-track recorder and an assortment of acoustic guitars. Instead of acting as spokesman, he would adopt other men's voices – the logical conclusion of his literary approach.

The result, *Nebraska* (CBS 25100), is a sombre, muted record set in a mythical America, half black-and-white movie, half Edward Hopper painting. The songs move across space and through time, from the dustbowl to the coast, from the Thirties or Fifties to the present-day. This is a bleak catalogue of random crime, poverty and pointless struggle presented with an understatement that makes this, paradoxically, Springsteen's most moving record. It is also, equally paradoxically, the one where his compassion begins to look most suspect.

The title track is based on *Badlands*, itself based on the true story of Charles Starkweather. In the mid-West in the 1950s Starkweather – a teenage psychopath who had never been able to believe that other people were real – took his girlfriend on a brutal, pointless and ineptly executed murder spree. I can't tell whether Springsteen's version is black comedy or if his stock images of star-crossed lovers are interfering with the narrative. Facing the electric chair the killer says:

> Sheriff when the man pulls that switch sir and snaps my poor head back
> You make sure my pretty baby is sittin' right there on my lap

(The real Starkweather and his girl turned on each other venomously almost as soon as the handcuffs were on, each blaming the other. So much for lovers.)

> They declared me unfit to live said into that great void my soul'd be hurled
> They wanted to know why I did what I did
> Well sir I guess there's just a meanness in this world.

This is Springsteen's irony, yet 'there's just a meanness in this world' is the philosophy of the entire album. Springsteen is much too understanding to make moral judgments. The result on *Nebraska* is that no one is to blame. The poor suffer because that is how things are, men become unemployed and rob and get caught because that is how things are, psychopaths go on the rampage because that is how things are.

Springsteen's later work has been celebrated as a profound anti-Reagan statement. I would have thought Reagan would have welcomed a record that dignified passivity – that presented a world where decisions have no real meaning, where our lives are not controlled by governments but by some dark, relentless fate, and where nothing is anyone's fault. □

TELEVISION
William Boyd

Cleaning up

EVERYTHING about **The Barchester Chronicles** (BBC-2) reeks of its pedigree: adapted from Trollope's novels by Alan Plater, an excellent cast – some big names (Pleasance, Hawthorne) and the familiar, very capable stalwarts of many a costume drama – ably directed (David Giles) and produced by Jonathan Powell. So what's wrong? It's perhaps best described as a sensation of being trapped in a sumptuous well-upholstered rut, the sense that this particular furrow has been ploughed many times before and – to wring the neck of the metaphor – the going is so pleasant that the prospect of breaking new ground seems a little too much like hard work.

These reservations were prompted by watching the repeat of the *Chronicles* after **Nicholas Nickleby** (C4) on Sunday night. Theoretically, when it comes to working best on television, there should be no competition. *Nickleby* is a kind of bastard form, a strange hybrid that, despite some concessions to the medium, is still endeavouring to reproduce a theatrical experience (I wonder how we would react to it if it hadn't had such immense success on the stage – if it had come first to television). I'm not trying to denigrate *Nickleby*'s appeal: its grip holds one as enthralled as ever. But if it came to a choice – shall it be Trollope or Dickens tonight? – *The Barchester Chronicles* should be able to claim more adherents by the simple virtue of the fact that it represents one of TV's most potent attractions: the classic serial – the type of programme at which the BBC is arguably most adept.

But *Nickleby*, for all its non-televisual features, for all its staginess and improvisations, leaves the rich and well-endowed *Barchester Chronicles* looking bland and lifeless. It has nothing to do with the acting. The performances in *Chronicles* are fine, and Nigel Hawthorne's venal archdeacon is shaping up very well. It has nothing to do with the film/video dichotomy either. And I don't think it has anything to do with the differences between Trollope and Dickens. No, the factor that makes *Nickleby* more vigorous and compelling than *Chronicles* is that *Nickleby* is dirtier.

We are dealing with different strata of Victorian society – agreed. But, at the risk of sounding stupid, the world of *The Barchester Chronicles* looks too hygienic and sanitised to be convincing. Everyone's clothes appear fresh from the dry cleaners, every interior seems recently painted (check out John Bold's astonishingly spick and span study), every gravelled path has just been raked and weeded. It's all too perfect, too immaculate, too scrubbed and pristine. The world of *Nickleby* is the complete opposite. There's a sort of individual grubbiness and lived-in quality to the characters in *Nickleby* which renders them all the more believable than those in *Chronicles*.

In the end it all comes down to what you think looks more realistic – what you think people really looked like. But a comparison with some contemporary photographs of 19th-century England would, I submit, support my objections. I'm not advocating that Barchester be turned into some sort of mid-Victorian shanty town, but I do feel that the spotless brilliance of each set and shot makes the drama and the acting less than immediate. It's not the producer's fault that the weather was beautiful when they went on location, but the odd head of greasy hair, suit of rumpled clothes and some dust and disorder would – in my opinion – have made all the difference to what is clearly a quality production and would have immeasurably enlivened the world that's been created: a world that – paradoxically – for all the effort that has been expended on putting it together, looks less convincing, less human and vivid, than the one evoked on stage at the Old Vic with a miniumum of props. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Scheming spires

Privileged (AA) *Classics, Tottenham Court Road and Chelsea; Odeons, Kensington and Swiss Cottage*
The Man with the Deadly Lens (AA) *Classic, Haymarket; Studio, Oxford Street*
A Good Marriage (AA) *Academy One*
The Night of San Lorenzo (AA) *Curzon*
La Signora di Tutti (A) *Everyman, from 21 November*

A pernicious glamour still attaches to Oxbridge, sedulously cultivated by colour-supplement coverage of undergraduate antics, probably done no harm by the relevant sections of TV's *Brideshead Revisited*. The director of that, Charles Sturridge, is on record as calling **Privileged** 'one of the most honest and accurate portrayals of Oxford University life' captured on film. Let us admit right away that Michael Hoffman's movie, co-written by him, David Woollcombe and Rupert Walters, largely begotten and staffed by a talented group of Oxford students, is a pretty professional-looking low-budget job: a home-movie it may be, but not in the usual derogatory sense. It is confidently acted and mounted, proof that a young generation has grown up comfortably at ease with the complex processes of film-making. But what this degree of accomplishment augurs for the Future of British Cinema (about which there is much premature and free-floating optimism at the moment – take a *hard* look at some of the entries in the current London

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Film Festival) is something else again. The ominously titled *Privileged* has hardly an idea in its trendily-coiffed head, unless it be the masked or scheming one that jobs for the girls and boys participating will be likelier to follow in the cruel, uncloistered world outside.

After all, it takes place in a major seat of learning in which the only book seen to be cracked is *The Duchess of Malfi*, an OUDS production of which – casting, rehearsals, scraps of al fresco performances – occupies the centre. (In the margin, memories of that ill-fated *Pericles* in Jacques Rivette's 1960 *Paris Nous Appartient* are unhelpful; just as attempts to find pregnant parallels between the Webster and the script around it avail little.) Enchanting Anne (Diana Katis, a pro import but making her first film) mumbles once of having an essay to write but is more concerned with her role as the Duchess and a tangled, didactic affaire with handsome Edward.

This Edward (Robert Woolley), shown twice messing with rats in a lab, is a callous, all-round charmer, ace Union speaker, reluctant Bosola (he wanted Ferdinand), and lover of wan, rich and mysterious Lord Adrian's wife, Lucy (Victoria Studd), as well as of Anne. To be fair, Anne and Lucy make their availability explicit. Edward himself is meant to be an unfeeling sod, encouraging a chanceless chum to go on sending red roses to Anne, taunting wet, Oscar Wilde-quoting Lord Adrian (Hughie Grant) into shooting himself, maybe redeemed by love and suffering as he races after a lyrically biking Anne at the close. Certainly his 'humanising', however tenuous, is all we have to hang on to.

Elsewhere, this 'honest' and 'accurate' portrayal of Oxford hums with the old colour-supp. kitsch: that suicidal milord's quaint code of honour, a drunken Piers Gaveston Society dinner with farded, gilded youth, a punting idyll, a moment in a fabulous garden, whisky galore: not a don in sight. There is also an emphasis on masks, graduating from an early ball to a gratuitous enigma: a masked fellow attacks Anne's temporary room-mate in the night streets, and it could just be old Edward. Maybe it *is* like this at Oxford these days . . . In which case, wise parents will point their offspring at the provinces.

BUT WHAT used to be meant by an education, with its strange emphasis on reading and an active acquisition of knowledge, if not wisdom, is probably doomed anyway. The best of Richard Brooks's very erratic **The Man with the Deadly Lens,** drawn by him from a Charles McCarry moral thriller, fairly hammers away at the dread, swamping power of TV, that domestic invitation to the passive response. The eyes have it; what lies behind the eyes atrophies. Sean Connery breezily plays the omnipotent tele-reporter of the title, somewhere in the future present. The triple-crossing intrigue has to do with a couple of portable atom bombs, for sale to the highest bidder complete with suitcases. Connery is also ubiquitous, thereabouts when an Arab king is murdered, hot on the trail of a pair of terrorists, coolly prepared to blackmail the US President (George Grizzard) into admitting to CIA-engineered 'justifiable homicide'. To try and summarise a plot which has had better men than I getting it wrong in print would waste what little breathing-space we have left before the advent of cable chaos. And it's a pity Mr Brooks has permitted quite so much emphasis on chases and counter-ploys: the deviousness makes *The Manchurian Candidate* look like a Noddy caper.

'Television not welcome? Where?' Camera at the ready, Connery asks the question, rightly confident it is rhetorical. And a blonde terrorist as seriously addresses a confederate about to become a human bomb: 'Remember, you've got to be seen. If it doesn't happen on television, it means nothing.' *This* is the proper burden of this near-satire; and there are a few places where the satire has real, not false teeth. Excellent opening footage has Connery investigating an outfit where ordinary folk can enact their most lethal fantasies. A girl has just done for ma and pa, apparently. 'I'd rather live with the guilt than with my parents,' she explains. But mightn't they be watching? Her brow clears. 'Oh God, I hope so.' As a rival presidential candidate, Leslie Nielsen makes dirty tricks relishable and also milks the medium wickedly. If borrowings (like the gung-ho General Wombat, out of *Strangelove*) fail to improve on their originals, enough acrid and all-too-credible material is worked in to make a visit worth it – and Connery is allowed, hair-raisingly, to send himself up in a last parachute-down.

FOR ONCE, deliberately shorter shrift to three much better films which may be seen by far fewer people. Eric Rohmer's **A Good Marriage** is civilised and genuinely slight but never insipid. Art-history student and resolutely 'different' Sabine, beautifully played by pouting Beatrice Romand from *Claire's Knee*, is fed up with her family-man lover and tells the world she is going to get married, *'en général'*. Specifically, she sets her provincial cap at a girlfriend's cousin, self-satisfied young Parisian lawyer Edmond (André Dussolier). Awkwardnesses of social snobbery and emotional play-acting are marvellously explored in the cat-and-mouse exchanges of this tiresome pair. Pained, enthralled amusement is compounded by Rohmer's habitual spot-on use of location: here, the cobbled streets of Le Mans.

Paolo and Vittorio Taviani's **The Night of San Lorenzo** is the poeticised autobiographical account of the trek of a mixed band of nomads from their menaced Tuscan hamlet in 1944 to safety, with encounters with Fascists and partisans, notably a memorable cornfield battle, en route. That these past splendours and miseries are supposed to be mediated through the memory of a grown woman, then a little girl, rather dubiously explains some sentimental excesses. **La Signora di Tutti** (1934), an early, Italian-made Ophüls, wistfully caresses the blameworthy past of film star Gaby (swoon-faced Isa Miranda), fated home-wrecker, now – through an ironic revelation – near death from her own hand. Collector's item: mixed blessing. □

ART
John Spurling

Classic calm

Richard Wilson
Tate, until 2 January, then Cardiff and New Haven
Paul Huxley
Juda Rowan, 11 Tottenham Mews, London W1

Richard Wilson's achievement as 'the Father of British Landscape' is one we can all appreciate today. He found an art-buying public which mainly preferred the foreign article and showed it the virtues of buying British. In the first place it was cheaper, in the second place, if it wasn't quite a Claude or a Gaspard Dughet, it was near enough for anyone but a real snob and it had the extra advantage of showing *your* landscape, even perhaps your own gracious home and parkland, in a suitably classical style. Wilson, in other words, went to Italy and learned to do Italian landscapes in the grand manner of a century earlier, then came home and lent something of the same grandeur to Twickenham and Muswell Hill, Rickmansworth and the River Dee. He even contrived to make classical landscapes out of the rocky wilds of North Wales.

The breakthrough, however, three years after Wilson's return from Italy in 1756-7, was made with a landscape which was also a narrative. In *The Destruction of the Children of Niobe* the gods Apollo and Diana, balancing on a cloud far left, shoot down Niobe's seven children around her, while trees thresh and snap, water foams in the middle distance and lightning zig-zags out of a black storm-cloud. The critics acclaimed the picture, Butcher Cumberland acquired it, the public bought a record number of prints of it. Wilson and his assistants ran up many more versions in oil and everybody suddenly saw that it was possible for a British artist to paint ambitiously. But Wilson seems to have misread the enthusiastic response. Instead of offering more classical horrors in an Italian setting, he set about applying classical calm to recognisable English settings. The policy brought him considerable success and a number of high-class patrons – though no more royal ones – but only for a decade. After that he fell on hard times, took to drink and died indigent and forgotten in 1782 at the age of 69.

This is my own simple reading of the case. Wilson's long-term mistake was in not being sufficiently dramatic. The British pay lip-service to beauty, order and delicacy, but what they really like is the spectacle of a mother and her large family caught in a hail of arrows on a wind-swept beach. The organiser of the exhibition, David H. Solkin, has a much more complicated reading than mine – which fills most of a very fat catalogue. It involves the political and social history of

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the period, with many quotations from magazine articles and minor poets, and the gist is that Wilson threw in his lot with and undertook to mythologise a country-based patrician oligarchy (though not the wealthiest, who preferred and could afford Italian originals) as against not only the ordinary working people but also the up-and-coming city-based capitalists.

It is not a reading to which one would take exception, were it not that Professor Solkin makes such a meal of it, relies on so many unproven suppositions and adopts such an accusatory tone towards Wilson. 'There is no denying,' writes Solkin,

> that the 'Niobe' represents a blatant, one might even say vulgar display of sheer erudition . . . by using Ovid as his source, Wilson flattered his own intellectual capacities – and those of his public as well.

and later: 'We have seen, I think, how Wilson's pictures confirmed his own audience's view of themselves, and the fundamental moral rightness of their most cherished values.' It sounds specious even if it is not. Furthermore, it's rotten luck on poor Wilson. He tried to be too grand and Arcadian for the British then, and now he's not even allowed to make a fresh bid for our sympathy at his own Tate retrospective 200 years after his death.

Still, although the centre of each gallery is occupied with a display of Solkin's literary evidence for the prosecution, the walls are at least Wilson's and the Tate's lighting, I'm happy to report, is distinctly improved. Wilson is not a great neglected master – his perpetual bright blue skies and rigorously ordered compositions grow wearisome – but the essential sincerity and love of nature for which Ruskin praised him emerge in quiet rebuttal of Solkin's attempt to exclude him altogether from posterity. If these limpid scenes were once reactionary propaganda, they were also finely-tempered art of a kind which no Englishman had attempted before. Wilson's belief in and sophisticated enhancement of his native landscape became the basis for the one area of painting as well as sculpture in which the British have excelled ever since. *Ars longa, propaganda brevis.*

PAUL HUXLEY is also a painter in the grand manner. His large paintings radiate classical calm and perform stately dances of geometrical proportion on a luminous, other-worldly ground. Colours set to partners with each other; line, shape and interval play variations and repetitions across the surface plane. Huxley's progression from show to show is as measured as his individual canvases and, having plunged into shades of grey for his last show he has reappeared in this one with paintings which are black, white and grey on one side, coloured on the other, adding a further element of reflection and refraction. But, although they are highly organised paintings, the richness of colour and tone always outweighs the austere shapes, so that the effect is lyrical and liberating rather than mathematically constricting. Unlike most of his leading contemporaries Huxley has not yet had a retrospective. It's time he did. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

On the rocks

Ducking Out
EDUARDO DE FILIPPO *Greenwich*
Commedia
MARCELLA EVARISTI *Crucible Studio, Sheffield*
Diary of a Hunger Strike
PETER SHERIDAN *Round House*
A Handful of Dust
EVELYN WAUGH *Lyric, Hammersmith*

We English know Eduardo de Filippo from *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* and *Filumena*, two plays that depended both for their comedy and for their emotional force on a Neapolitan belief in the primacy of family values, whether conjugal or paternal. Add alien idiom, manners, habits, and you've a writer who is clearly very difficult to bring intact and comprehensible on to our bleak northern stages. So what is the answer? To translate pretty faithfully, and perform the result in Italian accents, as if we were at a convention of spaghetti-house managers? That solution, adopted when *Saturday* was performed at the National, would seem as logical as playing *Uncle Vanya* like a mass audition for a Vladivar commercial. Such, anyway, is the view of Mike Stott: which is why his adaptation of *Natale in Casa Cupiello* is now *Natale in Casa Coppell*, or Christmas in Len and Connie's flat in a council estate somewhere in East Lancs.

Ducking Out, as the programme rechristens the original, is a fine piece of work, and capably enough performed by a largish cast headed by Warren Mitchell, a peppy little Len, and Gillian Barge, his wanly tolerant wife. Yet something is wrong. The huge crucifix over the bed slots a little quaintly into the 1982 Woollies setting, as does Len's eagerness to offer supplications or thanks to the Virgin on the chest of drawers. Perhaps it would help if the voices were Irish, but those of the main characters owe more to Wigan or, in Mitchell's case, to some unspecified hamlet on the joint borders of Blackpool and Taunton. Again, the quickness with which Len's guests flourish knives at each other when their self-esteem is threatened isn't, well, quite what you expect among respectable working people in M6 country. If I say that a raw Liverpool argot might make such moments more plausible, I'll doubtless be accused of prejudice; so I'll pass on to the point that lies behind these seeming cavils.

Len's family is in turmoil and not far from disintegration. His hypochondriacal brother has commandeered his son's bedroom, and his son, who is unemployed, idles round the house pinching the petty cash. The boy has nothing but contempt for Len's dedication to a ritual bequeathed him by generations of Coppells, the construction of a Christmas crib; and Len's daughter, who is about to abandon her husband for her 'fancy man', smashes the model stable in a fury of distress. Think of Naples in the Thirties, when the play was written, and imagine how much all this must have meant. Then think of any part of England in the Eighties, and the sound of sacred cows being slaughtered, totems being hacked at and (above all) the family beginning to crack and splinter, isn't remotely as awesome.

True, we can laugh at Stott's clever and entertaining writing, enjoy the unpretentious skill with which de Filippo develops his plot, and, not least, admire the audacity and resonance of his ending – Len, smiling through the after-effects of a stroke, piously reconciles his errant daughter with her lover and not (as he wonkily supposes) her husband. But the full poignancy and hilarity of that moment is bound to elude us, as is so much else; and I, for one, don't see what corrective formula to suggest. Modern Dublin or Liverpool 8 would be insufficient. Standard English in tenement Naples wouldn't work. A regional British accent would sound no less bizarre in such a setting. And what else is there?

WELL, as chance would have it, the week throws up a possible solution in the second-generation Italian-Scots of **Commedia.** Not that Marcella Evaristi uses them in remotely the same way. To de Filippo, the family is (or should be) a rock, and there's a kind of horror in watching it crumble; to her, it's another sort of rock altogether, the sort you get wrecked and left to rot on, and there would be liberation in any crumbling that decided to occur. Why, for instance, should mama commit emotional suttee after papa's death? Why shouldn't she fall in love and even act on that feeling? And who cares if the lover is 25 years younger than herself, and a red to boot?

The weakness of the play is, in a way, its length. Ms Evaristi could be much pithier and more pointed when it comes to establishing the characters of Elena's two grown-up boys, the immaturity of their egos, the inadequacies of their marriages. Onstage, nuance and subtlety can so easily be mistaken for clutter. But this is an objection to be made to the play's opening scenes, not to the following ones, which combine sensitivity with tension in their handling of Elena's affair with Davide, its discovery by sons actuated less by 'macho' honour than by infantile expectations of what mothers should be, the raging disapproval of one, the death by terrorist bomb of the other on a train-spotting jaunt from Glasgow to Bologna, Elena's attempts to sustain some sort of integrity and fulfilment.

Perhaps Ms Evaristi should have made more of the ideas embryonically introduced by a fascist atrocity and a communist lover. But it is, of course, the politics of relationships that mainly concern her; and here Davide has his place, since he's capable of browbeating someone he loves, even of rejecting her at her moment of most need, and yet is indisputably a man of passion, commitment, conscience, consideration and tenderness. As this suggests, Evaristi's feminism is the sort that discriminates and ex-

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plores, not categorises and polarises. Only in her portrayal of the winningly tolerant American who endures the somewhat sweaty embraces of the more aggressive son does sympathy sometimes teeter into sentimentality. There is, admittedly, a danger of Elena doing so too, but the possibility is averted, thanks to the authenticity of the feelings so strongly yet unassumingly put over by Colette O'Neil. She is the solid centre of a play altogether pretty eloquent about people's right to resist the importunate iconography of others.

Briefly, **Hunger Strike** concerns the fast-to-death of a Maze prisoner, and, though clearly on the side of the republicans, makes a refreshingly conscientious attempt to understand the pressures and prejudices of their enemies. But for a certain woodenness in the writing, and the odd implausibility, this would be thoroughly recommendable. And **Dust**, of course, is Waugh's most resentful and acerbic attack on the wasps, moths and other insects among whose number he himself was to be counted in the Thirties. Shared Experience's version is for (a) those too illiterate or idle to read the book, (b) those who relish the art of bringing narrative economically, resourcefully, boldly to life. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2746 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Both Saturday night activities and Sunday morning practices have changed for many people over the years. A piece of verse on 'Saturday Night' *or* 'Sunday Morning' please. Limit 16 lines; by 3 December.

No 2743 **Set by Robin Chase**

Future historical novels, set in 1982, containing numerous errors of detail.

Report **By Al Dente**

After much discussion, the Complex's disciplinary committee has decided that the best punishment for the curmudgeonly Foot is to let him set a comp himself; let's see how *he* likes it. As for this week's comp, I think you can give yourselves a pat on the back. A Crimean health-worker to each winner.

What he felt most was – he'd made it. Just a kid from an ordinary Public School, but he was here among the children of the privileged who had been comprehensively educated – here, at historic, ivy-clad Oxford College. Everything was strange. When the scout (in traditional Baden-Powell uniform) had shown him to his rooms, he had boggled at everything – at the Dons, particulary, with their superb Hispanic elegance.

So much was going to happen – perhaps in this room, which now seemed so bare. The only sign of his ownership was the row of battered Penguins on the shelf. Abstractedly, he picked one up, unwrapped the silver paper, and began to munch.

GEORGE SIMMERS

She lay on the supergrass, sipping an Ambre Solaire. Flicking idly through the glossy fashion pages of her *New Statesman*, she came to a tragic romance by the elder Mr Amis, and read it avidly. In it, a young girl perished when surgery to unblock her drains failed. Sighing, she called to young Eric to fetch her some Rubik cubes from the freezer, a task he was undertaking when her house-husband returned. 'Soho!' he called. She put both her kini quickly on. 'You're early,' she said. 'Well,' he replied, 'since we started operating rolliflex this week, I decided to have an away-day.'

WILL BELLENGER

'Darling,' she whispered, rolling back her duvet with her little finger. She felt the hot charge of the electric blanket exciting her, and the eiderdown gave her goose-pimples. 'I've brought you a Kenwood Mixer,' he announced; she sipped it gratefully, holding up the glass for a pop-up toast. 'Proust!'

'Three cheers,' he replied.

'Now,' she murmured, 'it is Time Gentleman Please, as they say in the sauna.' He smiled. The teasmaid had gone home for the evening, and they were au pair at last. She picked up his well-thumbed John Thomas *('The Virgin Soldiers,'* she read, 'we won't need that!') and placed it to one side. He slipped softly between the fablon sheets, and gazed playfully at the flock wallpaper. Tonight, he would not be counting sheep.

BILL GREENWELL

Martin ran outside for a taxi. Six foot two and hefty, he had to let three mini-cabs pass before stopping a regular sized London cab. Pressing a coin into its meter he gave his orders to the crisply uniformed driver.

They sped round the curving sweep of the South Circular Road. On the cab's stereo a well known group, The Archers, twanged through its repertoire of country folk, followed by the midday news of the Falklands.

Martin recalled TV's *World Inaction* – regularly devoted to the UN's failings – spotlighting its impotence over the invasion. His coming interview with the US diplomat, General Haig, veteran World War I commander, should appear in the *Daily Star* tomorrow – or even in the earlier edition, the *Morning Star*. Some scoop!

KEN RUDGE

There were many distinguished university colleges in Britain with common traditions.

Dining in Hall was compulsory for undergraduates, the ceremony being presided over by fellows nicknamed 'screws'. Tutorials were conducted by Informers, or 'grasses', whose erudition was greatly valued. The Master, or 'supergrass', occupied private chambers, only emerging for occasional walks round the Quod with attendant screws.

Terms like grapevine, cooler, jug, stir and coppersnark tell us that winemaking was popular.

We know that students made their own malebags, as trousers were called, from costly bails of flannel provided by indulgent friends and relations. Freshers, with felt collars, were taken on educational outings to coastal seaports by a kindly lady called Black Maria. There they would stand in the docks and listen to the quaint sentences of local worthies who sat on nearby benches.

GERRY HAMILL

Harry knew he had got it made: Julie had invited him round to her flat for the night. Passing a one-armed bandit – it always struck Harry as somewhat primitive in these so-called civilised times that robbers should still have their right arms amputated – he popped nervously into W. H. Smith's. 'A dozen skinheads, please,' he said in what he thought was a worldly-wise tone – he had heard somewhere that they were the toughest contraceptives on the market.

GEORGE COWLEY

FIRST PERSON

Patrice Chaplin

Health calls

WHEN Margaret Thatcher proposed rebuilding the National Health Service on American lines one can only assume she has never been sick in America.

My first experience of the system was in New York when a wealthy Greek was trying to get to England. He was in need of medical treatment. 'Whatever you do don't go into the private hospitals here,' he said. 'I've just been in one for three weeks. It cost more than a year at the Ritz.'

He had been in a private room with a television, a telephone and blood on the walls and ceiling. They gave him a hot dinner at five in the afternoon and nothing after that till breakfast.

'I said couldn't I have it at the normal time. Seven, eight o'clock. I'm not hungry at five.'

'Sure,' said the male attendant. 'I'm gonna leave it right here. You can eat it any time you goddam want.'

When I was in Los Angeles this September, several new viruses were sweeping Hollywood and getting more attention than any half dozen stars. A film set had had virtually to be closed for three days. Even people who never got sick were lying down, taking antibiotics. I discovered it's very inconvenient getting ill in LA. In spite of the town's mania for fitness, its sun, orange juice and its endless joggers, it is not a particularly healthy place. You can live above the smog line in Beverly Hills, if your income allows you to, but you still have to come down to the bank.

I duly caught one, maybe two, of the super-viruses and called a doctor. 'We do not make health calls.' I explained I was sick. This had nothing to do with health. 'The doctor never calls personally. You won't get that service in LA.' I tried a friend's doctor; as the friend was sensible and successful I assumed her doctor would be likewise. He, too, would not visit so I called a taxi and went to his medical office.

My temperature was over 100, the temperature in the street was 90. The medical building's air cooling system was full on, so I stepped into an arctic interior with a Chicago wind blowing along the corridors. A lot of walking past 50, 60 doctors' doors brought me to Dr N. A nurse looked out of a cubbyhole and said, 'Hi! I'm Peggy. Gee you look terrible. I hope it's nothing you're gonna leave behind.' I said I hoped it wasn't. She spent the next ten minutes asking me questions. Nine minutes were

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devoted to the matter of paying Dr N's bill. She did not understand English insurance.

Dr N shouted impatiently from a side-room. It sounded like 'Come on in honey.' I went into an examination cubicle and then I knew what cold was. In his icebox temperature, everything dropped, including any optimism about staying alive.

'Gee you look beat. You look dead. Gee you look like something the cat dragged in.' That was his greeting. I started to shiver and said I was worried about getting pneumonia on top of everything else. He agreed the room was cool. 'Take off your clothes and wrap up in this.' He handed me a sheet of white paper which I rested over my shoulders. 'Gee you're wrecked. You're sick.' He stuck a thermometer in my mouth and asked a lot of questions. I thought I should answer them so took the thermometer out and we both forgot about my temperature.

'How old are you? For real now.' I told him. 'Is that for real?' 'Real' is a very important word in that town. There wasn't a lot of it around. He looked in my throat. 'Well gee that ain't exciting. Nothing to excite me there. It's not wonderful. It's about the same shape as mine. Your liver ain't exciting.' He picked up the thermometer. 'And you ain't got a temperature.'

I reminded him we hadn't taken it.

He put a hand on my head. 'You feel kinda hot. And those glands. They're real. Where you staying?' I told him and he gave a pained cry. 'You're not staying there!'

Obviously the place I had picked was a nest of Legionnaires Disease. Didn't it always hang around the same place, ever present in the air cooling system? 'What's wrong with it?' I was very frightened.

'Wrong with it? That's where I stayed when my wife kicked me out.'

Coincidences, I realised, really shocked him. 'But there's nothing wrong with the place?'

He was disgusted. 'Everything's wrong with the place. It's a pick-up joint for divorcées. What d'you want to pay those prices for?'

Peggy appeared at the door. Ignoring Dr N, she told me to pay her direct. She couldn't get the hang of the insurance thing. Dr N told her to get out. She got out. For good. 'I've had enough of this place. I'm off!' she shouted.

He paid no attention. I asked what was wrong with me. He didn't answer and wrote a prescription for antibiotics. He did not ask if I was allergic to them. He did not ask about my health in general, or what I was taking in the way of other medicine. He put the prescription down on a chair and disappeared.

I sat wrapped in tissue paper for some minutes. He did not come back. I dressed and went into the corridor. He was on the phone in another room and he was not discussing my case. The conversation had more to do with his ex-wife and their monetary affairs. The mention of my hotel had obviously upset him. When he finished the call, he just sat in silence. He'd forgotten all about me. He remembered the next day and sent a bill for $50.

When I got back to the pick-up haven for divorcées, I phoned my friend who found nothing surprising in what I said. 'He's always like that. But my husband likes him because he's not into analysis like all the other Beverly Hills doctors. He doesn't tell you it's your head when you get a broken leg. He doesn't bother with all that guilt subconscious crap.'

'But what does he do when you're ill?'

'I don't get ill. I haven't seen him for five years. Nobody goes to doctors in America if they can help it.'

The next day I was worse, so the hotel was in touch with a doctor's answering service. Medical emergencies are everyday stuff to them because apart from divorcées, the hotel is frequented by pop stars and jazz musicians and drug ODs are two a penny. A doctor would visit but not till evening. It would cost $80.

I had the window open believing real air, even smog-infested, was better than the stuff that blew in through the air conditioner. Dr W arrived towards evening and at first didn't speak. Then he blew fiercely through his teeth. It was not a bedside manner I was familiar with. 'Gee I feel uncomfortable in this room. What's happened to the air cooler?' He put down his bag and banged the walls trying to get the system going. I explained he'd do better turning on the switch by the lavatory. 'Gee how much do you pay for this trap? You pay all that and they don't even bring you a fan? Well I tell you I'm not ill but I'm uncomfortable just being here' – his words were drowned by the arrival of a pop star and attendant groupies in the corridor. He winced and slammed shut the sun screen. 'How can you live with that sun coming naked into your room like that?'

When he'd finished rearranging my room he gave me a more thorough examination than Dr N and kept his opinions to himself. He wasn't looking for excitement. Then he stood brooding in silence for a considerable time. I supposed he was deciding how to give me bad news. But he was only overcome by the price, size, furnishings and heat of my room. I got him over that crisis and asked what was wrong with me. He quoted the viruses rampaging around Hollywood as though he was listing room service. He suggested a series of tests. Cautiously I asked the price. My friend had said to be sure to stay out of hospitals. A friend of hers had recently gone in with something undiagnosed. After a month they still had not discovered what was wrong. It cost $36,000.

'Well a blood count that's $12. A throat swab? Well, we're looking at $30.' He went down the menu. There were specialities at $36, but he was keen for me to have them. For a mere $100 I could know if I had something that sounded like Alpha O.

'If I have this virus, what is the treatment?'

'There isn't any.'

'Well, what would I do?'

'You stay in bed until you get better.'

I decided just to stay in bed. I paid him $80 dollars in cash. He seemed uncomfortable handling real money. 'Haven't you got a cheque?' They distrust cash in Beverly Hills. You even buy your lavatory paper with a Diners Card. □

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This Senior Officer is required to lead a team of four other professionals in providing the economic input to the development and implementation of the County Council's policy for inner areas (which include the Birmingham Partnership Area and the Wolverhampton Programme Area). This involves a direct budget of some £4 million and a wide range of initiatives aimed at job creation and retention; training and income maintenance. The County Council is responsible for co-ordination of all the economic projects undertaken by the Birmingham Partnership and the postholder will be expected to play a lead role in this. The Council is currently seeking to increase the emphasis of its policies on projects which bring direct benefit to individuals and communities located in the inner areas.

The post is in the County Council's Economic Development Unit which has been established to assist in developing and implementing a radical set of economic projects in response to the serious economic problems facing the West Midlands. The Unit comprises 28 officers in 7 teams under the Senior Adviser on Economic Development.

Applicants should be highly motivated and preferably have experience of the Urban Programme machinery. They will have to represent the County Council at a senior level.

A qualification and experience in the field of economics or a related discipline are desirable.

Application form (returnable by 12 Dec. 1982) and further details available from: **County Personnel Officer, West Midlands County Council, County Hall, Birmingham, B4 7DJ. Tel: 021-300 7824.**

Previous applicants need not re-apply as they will be re-considered.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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UNA, 3 Whitehall Court, London, SW1
01-930 2931
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DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

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Clerk & Chief Executives Department

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Ideally candidates should be senior public relations practitioners with proven experience of in-house or civic publications or qualified journalists with writing, sub-editing and newspaper production expertise.

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Assistance towards removal and associated expenses may be available in appropriate cases.

Further details and application form from the **Clerk & Chief Executive, County Offices, Matlock DE4 3AG. Telephone: Matlock (0629) 3411 ext 7322.**

Closing date Monday, 6 December, 1982.

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LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

19-27 Nov

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 19 NOV

LONDON, FINCHLEY. Open University Centre, 527 Finchley Road. Registration essential. Seminar, 'Socialism and the Educated Middle Classes in Europe: 1880-1914'. Many speakers. Details: **Milton Keynes 74066.**
STOCKPORT. CND Folk Night fund-raiser. 8pm, £1 (50p u/w). Manchester Arms, Wellington Road South.
LONDON NW2. 'For Jobs Not Bombs – In Brent' Public meeting. 7.30 p.m. Anson Hall (Devon Hall), Anson Rd.
LIVERPOOL 1. Socialist Society meeting – 'Alternative Economics' – Michael Meacher MP. 7.30, p.m. YMCA, Mount Pleasant.

SAT 20 NOV

LONDON SE1. Positive policies for redistribution. Speaker Chris Pond. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. County Hall. Dets. J. Gass, 23 Princes St., Abergavenny, Gwent.
CROYDON. Trestle Theatre presents 'Jack and the Landlord' and 'Creche'. 11 a.m. Mime, music and humour for children. Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd. Tel: **01-680 4060.**
GLASGOW. W. Scotland Friends of Palestine AGM. City Halls, Candleriggs. 11-1 p.m. Tel: **041-332 4946.**
LONDON SE14. Goldsmith's College School of Adult and Community Studies. From 2.30 p.m. Volcano – an inquiry into the life and death of Malcolm Lowry. Tutor: Dr. R. Binns. 5 p.m. Tel: **01-692 7171.**
LONDON SE1. 2-5 p.m. Chile Solidarity Direct Links Conference. SCPS Offices, 71 Southwark St., London SE1. Further details: Quentin Given, **01-272 4298.**
LONDON N19. One day conference 'Building an Irish Solidarity Movement', 9.15 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Caxton House, St. John's Way, Archway. Org. by N. London Irish Solidarity Committee.
CARDIFF. Wales L.C.C. Trade Unions and Socialism Conference. 10.30 a.m.-4.40 p.m. Students' Union, Park Place. Bob Wright and Tony Banks. £2 and £1 u/w. Details: M. David, Claren House, Cefn, Cribwr, Bridgend, Mid Glam.
HULL. Assertiveness training workshop focussing on childbirth, run by Hillary Ratna. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Hull Birth Centre, 57 Duesbury St., Princes Ave. Tel: **Hull 491982.**
LONDON SE1. Labour Disability Forum: meeting, to establish Socialist aid organisation for disabled. 12 noon. County Hall. **Tel: 01-808 6030**

LONDON WC1. Day session on China Today: China's Youth and Orientation. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. £3 (£2 u/w). Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Square. **Tel: 01-831 7711.**
LONDON SW1. New York – Theatrical Avant Garde – Dead or Alive? Conference. £3.50. ICA Theatre, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**
LONDON N19. 2 film shows, 7.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. – 'Give Us This Day'. £2 (£1 u/w). Organised by N. Islington L.P. Caxton House Community Centre, St John's House. (Archway Tube). Tel: **01-263 3151.**
LONDON SE1. Young Fabian Conference – 'Latin America After the Falklands'. 10.30 a.m.-5 p.m. County Hall. Tel: **01-222 8877.**
LONDON SW4. Conference – 'ILEA's Race Policy-Context and Contradictions'. 10.30 a.m. Lambeth Teachers Centre, Santley St.

SUN 21 NOV

LONDON WC1. Lecture – 'Gender, Science and the Nuclear Arms Race' – Brian Easlea. 11 a.m. Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq.
LEICESTER. Lecture – 'Neither Socialist nor Tory: The SDP'. – John Freers. 6.30 p.m. Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate.

RICHMOND, SURREY. Meeting – 'Trade Unions, the Law and Jobs' – Jim Mortimer, Denise Kingsmill. 8 p.m. Richmond CLP, 57 Church Rd.

MON 22 NOV

LONDON SE1. 'Democracy and the Socialist Movement'. – Mike Davis. 7.30 p.m. £1 (50p u/w). 218 Lambeth Rd. Tel: **01-802 1018.**
LONDON SW11. Bridge Lane Theatre presents 'Did Anybody Else Think T.K.S was Brilliant?' and 'The Island'. 8 p.m. Until 11 Dec. Mon-Sat. £2.50. Battersea Bridge Rd. Tel: **01-228 8828.**

WED 24 NOV

CAMBRIDGE. Radical Film Society presents 'The Maltei Affair'. 7 p.m. sharp. Cambridge College of Arts and Tech. Collier Rd. Adm £1, 50p w/w.
LONDON WC1. Lecture – 'A Doll's House and Hedda Gabler: Ibsen's Feminism." 1 p.m. Chemistry Theatre, Birkbeck College, Malet St.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

FRI 26 NOV

LONDON W1. 25-27 NOV. Unity Theatre presents 'New Positions' by Norris Harvey. 7.30 p.m. 9 Fitzroy Sq. Tel: **01-387 2666.**
LONDON SW1. Dale Spender talks about her new book 'Women of Ideas and What Men Have Done to Them'. £1.25. 1 p.m. ICA, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**
LONDON WC2. Socialist Society meeting: 'Socialism and Parliament' – Peter Tatchell and Tariq Ali. 6.30 p.m. £1 (75p u/w). The White Swan, New Row.
TAUNTON. Richard Balfe, Euro M.P., on 'Socialism in Europe' 7.30 p.m. Labour Party HQ, 24 East Reach.

SAT 27 NOV

LONDON SE3. Sidney Hinkes on 'Can we make peace with the USSR?' 3 p.m. 7 Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath. Tel: **01-856 6249.**
LIVERPOOL 8. Toxteth Women's Centre film show, 'Not a Love Story'. 2.15 p.m.
LONDON WC1. 'British Labour in Modern Industrial Relations' Society for the Study of Labour History. 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Birkbeck College, Malet St. Speakers: Hugh Clegg, Paddy Maguire, Richard Hyman. Tel: **Barnsley 85426.**
NEWCASTLE. Red Umbrella Social. Political Entertainment. Bridge Hotel, 8 p.m. £1, 50p u/w.
27-28 NOV. MANCHESTER. Beyond the White Hear Conference. Discussion groups. 10.30-5 p.m. and 10.30-1 p.m. £5 and £2 u/w. Tel: **01-437 2728.**
NORWICH. 'March Against Matthews – choose a Cruelty-Free Christmas'. Assemble 1.45 p.m., Chapelfields.
BOURNEMOUTH. Conference – 'Facing the Nuclear Threat.' Speakers inc. Jonathan Dimbleby, Julie Christie, Lord Fenner Brockway. 10 a.m.-5.45 p.m. Town Hall.

FORTHCOMING

29 NOV. LONDON EC2. 'Mind's', one-day conference, 'A New Era – The Mental Health (Amendment) Act 1982', Barbican Centre. Speakers: Professor Robert Bluglass, Professor Rolph Olsen, Professor John Gunn, Bernard Kar, Seamus Killen and Larry Gostin. Dets. tel: **01-637 0741.**
29 NOV. LONDON SW1. Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 1 Birdcage Walk. 'The Christopher Hinton Lecture'. 6 p.m. Tel: **01-222 3912.**

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Theatres

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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'HENRY IV' PT I – 20 Nov. (m.), 22, 24 (m.) 'HENRY IV' PT II – 19, 20, 23, 24 Nov. 'THE WINTER'S TALE' – 25 Nov. THE PIT – 'OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH' by Peter Flannery – 19-24 Nov. 'THE TWIN RIVALS' by Farquhar – 25 Nov.

BLOOMSBURY Gordon St, WC1, CC 01-387 9629. Buick of Signs' premiere of two Wyndham Lewis plays – 'Enemy of the Stars' (1914)/'The Ideal Giant' (1917). 25/27 Nov. 7.30 pm.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488. Evgs. 7.45. Mat. Thu. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. A New Production of:
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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Schweyk in the Second World War'. 'Guys and Dolls'. 'Hiawatha'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Major Barbara'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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Opera

OPERA BOOKS, conductors, musicians books for sale. Bennett, 26 Robin Lane, Clevedon, Avon.

Meetings

FURTHER EVENTS in Feminism and Psychoanalysis series. 1.30pm, The Roebuck, Warren St. tube. 20 Nov: History – Sally Alexander/Alex Owen. 4 Dec: Literature – Cora Caplan/Claire Buck.

Society for Study of Labour History
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS IN MODERN BRITAIN
27 Nov 10am-5.30pm
Birkbeck College, Malet St, London WC1
Details: Barnsley 85426

ICA EVENTS, THE MALL, SW1. 01-930 3647. ICA: NY Sat. 20 Nov. 10. 10.30-6.30 NEW YORK NEW YORK: THE THEATRICAL AVANT-GARDE – DEAD OR ALIVE? with RICHARD SCHECHNER, LEE BREUER, RICHARD FOREMAN, RITSAERT TENCATE, NED CHAILLET & JOHN ASHFORD, £3.50. INSIDE TELEVISION series Wed. 24 Nov. 7.30 PLOTTING THE SLOTS with Brian Wenham (BBC2) John Ellis (Kent), Kevin Goldstein-Jackson (TV South West), chair Michael Poole (Listener). Thurs. 25 Nov. 1.00 IN CONVERSATION: DALE SPENDER 'Women of Ideas and What Men Have Done to Them' (Routledge). £1.25 bookable (ICA Day Pass 40p).

ISAAC DEUTSCHER MEMORIAL LECTURE. Neil Harding will speak on 'Lenin's Marxism' John Saville in the Chair, Monday 22 November 1982, 7.30 p.m. The London School of Economics, New Theatre, Room E171.

PUBLIC MEETING: 22 November 7.30 p.m. County Hall, SE1. Going forward for abortion rights, on NHS and abortion. Speakers: Pat Leman, representatives from LARC, and others. Bookstalls, workshops. Org. by NAC/LARC trde union liaison committee.

SHAW SOCIETY. Fri. 26 Nov. Shavian Play-Readings arranged by Ellen Pollock. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 21 Nov. 8 p.m. 'Wheel of Life and Death'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

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Conference

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TALL, BLUE-EYED male graduate, 37, seeks female who enjoys films, theatre, countryside, and who cares about the things that really matter. London. Box 5091.

UNIVERSITY ACADEMIC, 29, PhD, with excellent background, needs female friend, purpose marriage. Box 5109.

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